

THE 11761.e.15.

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

KING LEAR.

OTHELLO.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS.

MDCXXXV.

THE

WORKS



VOLUME SEVENTH

King Lear

Othello

Antony and Cleopatra

Cymbeline

LONDON

Printed by J. Johnson, Strand

MDCCLXX





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Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp. 2

Prin

O T H E L L O,
THE
MOOR of V E N I C E.
A
T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, and the rest of the P R O -
P R I E T O R S ; and sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster.

M D C C X X X I V .



Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian,*

Gratiano, *a Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians
in Cyprus.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant-General,*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Rodorigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in Love with
Desdemona.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Govern-
ment of Cyprus,*

Clown, *Servant to the Moor,*

Herald,

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife
to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago,*

Bianca, *a Curtezan Mistress to Cassio,*

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,
Sailors, and Attendants.*

SCENE *for the First Act in Venice ;
during the rest of the Play in Cyprus,*

O T H E L L O



O T H E L L O,

T H E

M O O R of V E N I C E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Venice.*

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

R O D O R I G O.

NEVER tell me, I take it very unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my Purse,
As if the Strings were thine,
Shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a Matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the City,

In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,

Off-Cap'd to him; And by the Faith of Man,

I know my Price, I am worth no worfe a Place,
 But he, as loving his own Pride and Purpose.
 Evades them, with a bombast Circumstance,
 Horribly fuit with Epithets of War:
 Non-fuits my Mediators; for certes, says he,
 I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair Wife,
 That never set a Squadron in the Field,
 Nor the Division of a Battle knows
 More than a Spinster, but the Bookish Theorick,
 Wherein the toged Couns'lors can propose
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
 Is all his Soldiership. But he, Sir, had th' Election;
 And I, of whom his Eyes had seen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other Grounds
 Christian and Heathen, must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
 By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his Lieutenant be,
 And I, Sir, blest the mark, his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his Hangman,

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of Service;
 Preferment goes by Letter, and Affection.
 And not by old Gradation, where each second
 Stood Heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be Judge your self,
 Whether I in any just term am Assign'd
 To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking Knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious Bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his Master's Ass,
 For nought but Provender, and when he's old, Callicer'd:
 Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in Farms and Visages of Duty,
 Keep yet their Hearts attending on themselves;

And

And throwing but shows of Service on their Lords,
Do well thrive by them ; and when they have liv'd their
Coats,

Do themselves Homage. These Fellows have some Soul,
And such a one do I profess my self. For, Sir,
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my Judge, not I, for Love and Duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end ;
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native Act and Figure of my Heart
In Compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my Heart upon my Sleeve,
For Daws to peck at ; I am not what I seem.

Rod. What a full Fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry her thus ?

Iago. Call up her Father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his Delight,
Proclaim him in the Streets, incense her Kintmen.
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: 'Tho' that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such Changes of Vexation on't,
As it may lose some Colour.

Rod. Here is her Father's House, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous Accent, and dire yell,
As when, by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is spied in Populous Cities.

Rod. What ho ! *Brabantio* ! Signior *Brabantio* ! ho !

Iago. Awake ! what ho ! *Brabantio* ! Thieves, Thieves
Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags :
Thieves ! Thieves !

Enter Brabantio above

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible Summons ?
What is the Matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your Family within ?

Iago. Are your Doors lock'd ?

Rod. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Sir, you're robb'd ; for shame put on your Gown,
Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul,

E'en now, e'en very now an old black Ram
Is Tapping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Devil will make a Grandfire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your Wits?

Rod. Most Reverend Signior, do you know my Voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Rodrigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in Madness,
Being full of Supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious Bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My Spirit and my place have in their Power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing? This is *Venice*:
My House is not a Grange.

Rod. Most brave *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure Soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do you Service,
and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daugh-
ter cover'd with a Barbary Horse, you'll have your Ne-
phews neigh to you, you'll have Coursers for Cousins,
and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane Wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moor are making the Beast with two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodrigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your Pleasure and most wise Consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair Daughter,

At this odd Even and dull Watch o'th' Night,
Transported with no worse or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy Wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We have your wrong Rebuke. Do not believe
That from the Sense of all Civility.
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross Revolt.
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit and Fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here and every where ; straight satisfy your self.
If she be in her Chamber, or your House,
Let loose on me the Justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder ho !

Give me a Taper — call up all my People. —
This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light !

Iago. Farewel ; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholsom to my Place,
To be produc'd, as if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor. For I do know the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with Safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud Reason to the *Cyprus* Wars,
Which e'en now stand in Act, that for their Souls,
Another of his fathom, they have none,
To lead their Business. In which regard
Tho' I do hate him as I do Hell's Pains,
Yet, for necessity of present Life,
I must shew out a Flag, and sign of Love,
(Which is indeed but sign,) That you may surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised Search ;
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [Exit.

Enter Brabantio in his Night gown, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an Evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised Time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where did'st thou see her? Oh unhappy Girl! —
With the Moor, say'st thou! Who would be a Father?
How did'st thou know 'twas she? Oh she deceives me.
Past thought — What said she to you? Get more Tapers —
Raise all my Kindred — are they Married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are?

Bra. Oh Heav'n! how gat she out?
Oh Treason of my Blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters Minds
By what you see them act. Are there not Charms,
By which the property of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brothers; oh would you had had her
Some one way, some another — Do you know
Where me may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every House I'll call,
I may command at most; get Weapons, ho!
And raise some special Officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I will deserve your Pains. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with Torches.

Iago. Tho' in the Trade of War I have slain Men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' Conscience
To do no contriv'd Murder: I lack Iniquity
Sometimes to do me Service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Rib.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking Terms
Against your Honour, that with the little Godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, Sir,

Are

Are you fast Married ? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a Voice potential
As double as the Duke's : He will divorce you,
Or put upon you, what Restraint or Grievance,
The Law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight :

My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my Life and Being
From Men of Royal Siege ; and my Demerits
May speak, and bonneted, to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free Condition
Put into Circumscription and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look ! what Lights come yond ?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the rais'd Father, and his Friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think not.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant :
The Goodness of the Night upon you, Friends,
What is the News ?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the Instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine :
It is a Business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very Night, at one anothers Heels :
And many of the Coun's'lors, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,

The Senate sent about three several Quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a Word here in the House,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here

Iago. Faith, he to Night hath hoarded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——— Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another Troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad Intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there,

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief. [They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You *Rodorigo*: Come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew will
rust 'em. Good Signior, you shall more command with
Years, than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foul Thief! Where hast thou stow'd my
Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For I'll refer me to all things of Sense,
If she in Chains of Magic were not bound,
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curl'd Darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have, t'ncur a general Mock,
Run from her Guardage to the sooty Bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weaken Notion: I'll have't disputed on,

'Tis

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an Abuser of the World, a Practicer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of Warrant
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your Hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To answer this your Charge?

Bra. To Prison, 'till fit time
Of Law, and Course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present Business of the State,
To bring me to him.

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the Night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such Actions may have Passage free,
Bond-slaves and Pageants shall our Statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Senate House.*

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no Composition in this News,
That gives them Credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred;

But

But though they jump not on a just Account,
As in these Cases where the Aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to Judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the main Article I do approve,
In fearful Sense.

Sailors within.] What ho! What ho! What ho!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now!—What's the Business?

Sail. The *Turkish* Preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this Change?

1 Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in false Gaze; when we consider,
'Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile Question bear it;
For that it stands not in such warlike Brace,
But altogether lacks th' Abilities
'That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
'To leave that latest, which concerns him first:
Neglecting an Attempt of Ease and Gain,
'To wake and wage a Danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all Confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due Course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after Fleet ———

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty Sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward Course, bearing with frank Appearance
Their Purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,

Your

Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
With his free Duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus* :

Marcus Luccicos, is he not here in Town ?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Jago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the general Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle Signior, [To Bra.
We lack't your Counsell, and your help to Night.

Bra. So did I yours ; Good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my Place, nor ought I heard of Business,
Hath rais'd me from my Bed ; nor doth the general Care
Take hold on me. For my particular Grief
Is of so Flood-gate, and o'er-bearing Nature,
That it ingulps, and swallows other Sorrows,
And yet is still it self

Duke. Why ? what's the matter ?

Bra. My Daughter ! oh my Daughter !

Sen. Dead !

Bra. Ay, to me.

She is abus'd, stollen from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks ;
For Nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of Sense,
Sans Witchcraft could not ———

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul Proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her self,
And you of her ; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your self read in the bitter Letter,
After your own Sense ; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the Man ; this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special Mandate, for the State Affairs,

Hath

Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. What in you own part can say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good Masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old Man's Daughter,
It is most true, true I have married her ;
The very Head, and Front of my offending,
Hath this Extent ; no more. Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace ;
For since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
'Till now, some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action, in the tented Field ;
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my Cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your gracious Patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd Tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love. What Drugs, what Charms,
What Conjuraton, and what mighty Magic,
(For such Proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold ;
Of Spirit so still and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at it self ; and she, in spite of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what she fear'd to look on —
It is a Judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess Affection so could err
Against all Rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out Practices of cunning Hell, •
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some Mixtures powerful o'er the Blood,
Or with some Dram, conjur'd to this Effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is a Proof,
What more certain, and more overt Test
Than these thin Habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, *Othello*, speak,
Did you, by indirect and forced Courses,
Subdue and poison this young Maid's Affection,
Or came it by Request, and such fair Question,
As Soul to Soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her Report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my Life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the Place.

[Exit *Iago*,

And 'till she come, as truly as to Heav'n
I do confess the Vices of my Blood,
So justly to your grave Ears, I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's Love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the Story of my Life,
From Year to Year; the Battles, Sieges, Fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish Days,
To th' very Moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field;
Of hair-breadth Scapes i'th' imminent deadly Breach;
Of being taken by the insolent Foe,
And sold to Slavery; of my Redemption thence,
And Portance in my Travels History;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills, whose Heads touch
It was my Hint to speak, such was the Process; (Heaven,
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat;
The *Anthropophagi*; and Men whose Heads
Do grow beneath their Shoulders. All these to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;

But

But still the House Affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy Ear
 Devour up my Discourse : Which, I observing,
 Took once a plaint Hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a Prayer of earnest Heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by Parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively : I did consent
 And often did beguile her of her Tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful Stroke,
 That my Youth suffer'd. My Story being done,
 She gave me for my Pains a world of Sighs ;
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
 She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
 That Heav'n had made her such a Man—she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my Story.
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the Dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 'This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this Tale would win my Daughter too,
 Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken Weapons rather use,
 Than their bare Hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the Wooer,
 Destruction on my Head, if my bad blame
 Light on the Man. Come hither, gentle Mistress,
 Do you perceive, in all this noble Company,
 Where most you owe Obedience ?

Des. My noble Father,
 I do perceive a divided Duty ;
 To you I am bound for Life and Education :
 My Life and Education both do learn me,
 How to respect you. You are the Lord of Duty,

I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband,
And so much Duty as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my Heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my Heart,
I would keep from thee. For your sake, Jewel,
I am glad at Soul, I have no other Child,
For my escape would teach me Tyranny
To hang Clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self ; and lay a Sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these Lovers.
When Remedies are past, the Grievs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a Mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the Thief,
He robs himself, that spends a bootless Grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free Comfort which from thence he hears.
But he bears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
That to pay Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both Sides, are equivocal.
But Words are Words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruise'd Heart was pierced through the Ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty Preparation, makes
for *Cyprus* : *Othello*, the Fortitude of the Place is best known
to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most
allowed sufficiency ; yet Opinion, a more Sovereign Mi-
strefs

stress of Effects, throws a more safe Voice on you; you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous Expedition.

Oth. The Tyrant Custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Couch of War
My thrice-driven Bed of Down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt Alacrity,
I find it hardness; and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit Disposition for my Wife,
Due Reverence of Place and Exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why; at her Father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient Thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious Ear,
And let me find a Character in your Voice
T' assist my Simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right Violence, and Storm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the World. My Heart's subdu'd
Even to the very Quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* Visage in his Mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant Parts
Did I my Soul and Fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for which I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear Absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your Voices, Lords; beseech you, let her Will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me Heav'n, I therefore beg it not

To

To please the Palate of my Appetite ;
Nor to comply with Heat the young affects
In my defunct, and proper Satisfaction ;
But to be free, and bounteous to her Mind.
And Heav'n defend your good Souls, that you think
I will your serious and great Business scant
For she is with me——No, when light-wing'd Toys
Of Feather'd *Cupid*, foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd Instruments,
That my Disports corrupt and taint my Business ;
Let Housewives make a Skillet of my Helm,
And all indign and base Adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going ; th' Affair cries haste ;
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must hence to Night,

Oth. With all my Heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' Morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
And such things else of Quality and Respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient ;
A Man he is of Honesty and Trust,
To his Conveyance I assign my Wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so ;
Good Night so every one. And noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted Beauty lack,
Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast Eyes to see ;
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. [*Exit.*]

Oth. My Life upon her Faith.—Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee ;
I pr'ythee let thy Wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best Advantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I have but an Hour

Of Love, of worldly Matter, and Direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exeunt.*]

Rod. Iago

Iago. What say'st thou, noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly Gentleman!

Rod. It is fitliness to live, when to live is a Torment; and then have we a Prescription to die, when death is our Physician.

Iago. Oh villanous! I have look'd upon the World for four times seven Years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found Man that knew how to live himself. Ere I would say, I would drown my self for the love of a Guinney-Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do, I confess it is my Shame to be so fond, but it is not in my Virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a Fig, 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice; set Hyssop, and weed up Time; supply it with one gender of Herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with Idleness, or manured with Industry, why the Power and corrigible Authority of this lies in our Will. If the Beam of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality, the Blood and Baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging Motions, our carnal Stings, our unbitted Lusts; whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sest, or Syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will. Come, be a Man: Drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy Deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than
now

now. Put Mony in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars, defeat thy Favour with an usurped Beard; I say, put Mony in thy Purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her Love to the Moor. Put Mony in thy Purse — nor he is to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, but put Mony in thy Purse. These Moors are changeable in their Wills; fill thy Purse with Money. The Food that to him, now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall to him shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for Youth; when she is sated with his Body, she will find the Errors of her Choice. Therefore put Mony in thy Purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Mony thou canst. If Sanctimony and a frail Vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and super-subtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Mony. A pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy Joy, than be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my Hopes, if I depend on the Issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Mony. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My Cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our Revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a Pleasure, and me a Sport. There are many Events in the Womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Mony. We will have more of this to Morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*!

Rod. I'll sell all my Land.

[Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Fool my Purse;
For I mine own gain'd Knowledge should profane,
If I should Time expend with such a Snipe,
But for my Sport and Profit; I hate the Moor,

And

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my Sheets
 He has done my Office. I know not if't be true——
 But I, for meer Suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well——
 The better shall my Purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper Man: Let me see now,
 To get this place, and to plume up my Will
 In double Knavery—How? how?——Let's see——
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* Ear,
 That he is too familiar with his Wife——
 He hath a Person, and a smooth Dispose
 To be suspected; fram'd to make Women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
 That thinks Men honest, that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by th' Nose
 As Asses are;
 I hav't——it is ingendred——Hell and Night
 Must bring this monstrous Birth to the World's light. [*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Capital City of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano, and Gentlemen.

Mont. **W**HAT, from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought
 Flood;

I cannot 'twixt the Heavens and the Main
 Descry a Sail.

Mont. Methinks the Wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
 A fuller blast ne'er shot our Battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
 What Ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the Morties? What shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming Shore,
 The chiding Billows seem to pelt the Clouds,

The

The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th' ever fixed Pole ;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd Flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inshester'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

2 Gent. News, Lads ; our Wars are done :
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble Ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous Wreck and Sufferance
On most part of the Fleet.

Mont. How is this true ?

[*Cassio.*

3 Gent. The Ship is here put in ; a *Veronesso*, *Michael*
Lieutenant of the Warlike Moor, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore ; the Moor himself's at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 Gent. But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of Comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* Loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mont. Pray Heav'ns he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the Man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the Sea-side,
As well to see the Vessel that comes in,
As to throw out our Eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the Main and th' Erial blue,
An indistinct Regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor : Oh let the Heav'ns
Give him Defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea,

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas.

Cas. His Bark is stoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance ;
Therefore my Hopes, not surfeited to Death,
Stand in bold Cure.

Within.] A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Cas. What Noise ?

Gent. The Town is empty ; on the Brow o'th' Sea
Stand Ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Cas. My Hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesy,
Our Friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That Paragons Description, and wild Fame :
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th' essential Vesture of Creation,
Does bear all Excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now ? who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy Speed ;
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltless Keel,
As having Sense of Beauty, do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting safe go by
The Divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain :
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose Footing here anticipates our Thoughts,
A Sennight's Speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard !
And swell his Sail with thine own powerful Breath,
That he may bless this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Desdemona*'s Arms,
Give renew'd Fire to our extinguish'd Spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort——

Enter

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold!

The Riches of the Ship is come on Shore :
You Men of *Cyprus*, let her have your Knees.
Hail to thee, Lady ! and the Grace of Heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every Hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What Tidings can you tell me of my Lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here,

Des. Oh but I fear — how lost you Company ?

Cas. The great Contention of the Sea and Skies.
Parted our Fellowship. But hark, a Sail !

Within.] A Sail, a Sail.

Gent. They give this greeting to this Citadel :
This likewise is a Friend.

Cas. See for the News :

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Mistress.
[*To Emilia.*

Let it not gall your Patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold Shew of Courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her Lips,
As of her Tongue she oft bestows on me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas ! she has no Speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep ;
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her Tongue a little in her Heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so. [Doors,

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are Pictures out of
Bells in your Parlors, Wild-Cats in your Kitchens,
Saints in your Injuries, Devils being offended,
Players in your Hufwifery, and Hufwives in your Beds.

Des. Oh, fy upon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true ; or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and go to Bed to work.

B

Emil.

Æmil. You shall not write my Praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

[*me?*]

Des. What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, Assay. There's one gone to the Harbour—

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise ;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my Invention comes
from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks
our Brains and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, Fairness and Wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd ; how if she be black and witty ?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a Wit,
She'll find a White that shall her Blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. *She never yet was foo'ish that was fair,
For even her Folly helpt her to an Heir.*

Des. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable Praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto
But does foul Pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy Ignorance ! thou praisest the worst
best. But what Praise couldst thou bestow on a de-
serving Woman indeed ? One, that in the Authority of
her Merit, did justly put on the vouch of very Malice
it self.

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet went never loud.
Never lackt Gold, and yet was never gay.
Fled from her Wish, and yet said, Now I may ;*

She

*She that being anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Bad her Wrong stay, and her Displeasure fly,
She that in Wisdom never was so frail
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her Mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a Wight, (if ever such Wight were.)*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fools, and chronicle small Beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent Conclusion. Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy Husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the Soldier, than in the Scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the Palm; ay, well said—whisper—With as little a Web as this will I in-snare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will give thee in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed—If such Tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three Fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd and excellent Curtesey—'tis so indeed—Yet again—your Fingers to your Lips? Would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.

(*Trumpet.*)

The Moor; I know his Trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my Content,
To see you here before me. O my Soul's Joy!
If after every Tempest come such Calms,
May the Winds blow, 'till they have waken'd Death:
And let the labouring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If I were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
My Soul hath her Content so absolute,
'That not another Comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The Heav'n's forbid,
But that our Loves and Comforts should increase,
E'en as our Days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers !
I cannot speak enough of this Content,
It stops me here : It is too much of Joy,
And this, and this, the greatest Discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our Hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now ; but I'll set down the
Pegs that make this Musick, as honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the Castle. [*drown'd.*
Now, Friends, our Wars are done ; the *Turks* are
How does my old Acquaintance in this Isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great Love amongst them. O my Sweet,
I prattle out of Fashion, and I dote
In mine own Comforts. I prithee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers :
Bring thou the Master to the Citadel,
He is a good One, and his Worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the Harbour. Come
thither, if thou be'st valiant ; as they say, base Men, be-
ing in Love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more
than is Native to them — list me ; the Lieutenant to
Night watches on the Court Guard. First, I must tell
thee this : *Desdemona* is directly in Love with him.

Rod. With him ? why 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy Fingers thus ; and let thy Soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what Violence she lov'd the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical Lies.
To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet Heart
think it. Her Eye must be fed. And what Delight shall
she

she have to look on the Devil? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh Appetite; Loveliness in favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners and Beauties; All which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniencies, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd Position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Cassio* does? a Knave very voluble; no further Conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil and Human seeming, for the better compassing of his Salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none. A slippery and subtle Knave, a finder of Occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never present it self. A Devilish Knave! besides, the Knave is handsome, young, and hath all those Requisites in him, that Folly and green Minds look after. A pestilent complete Knave! and the Woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she's full of most blest'd Condition.

Iago. Blest'd Figs end. The Wine she drinks is made of Grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor! Blest'd Pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his Hand? Didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but Courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this Hand; An Index and obscure Prologue to the History of Lust and foul Thoughts. They met so near with their Lips, that their Breaths embraced together. Villanous Thoughts, *Rodorigo*, when these Mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and main Exercise, th' incorporate Conclusion: Pish——— But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to Night; for the Command I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not; I'll not be far from you. Do you find some Occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speak-

ing too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in Choler : And happily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may ; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny. Whose Qualification shall come into no true Taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your Desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them. And the Impediments most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our Prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any Opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Citadel. I must fetch his Necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe't :
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear Husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a Sin,
But partly led to diet my Revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my Seat. The Thoughts whereof,
Doth, like a pois'nous Mineral, gnaw my Inwards ;
And nothing can, or shall content my Soul
Till I am even'd with him, Wife for Wife :
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor,
At least into a Jealousy so strong,
That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor Trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip.
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,
For I fear *Cassio* with my Night-cap too,

Make

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Ass,
And practising upon his Peace and Quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plain Face is never seen till us'd [Exit.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vailant General; that upon certain Tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere Perdition of the *Turkish* Fleet, every Man put himself into Triumph. Some to dance, some to make Bonfires, each Man to what Sport and Revels his mind leads him. For besides this beneficial News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feasting, from this present hour of Five, till the Bell have toll'd eleven.

Bless the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*.

[Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to night. Let's teach our selves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport Discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do : But notwithstanding with my personal Eye Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :

Michael, good Night. To morrow with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear Love, The Purchase made, the Fruits are to ensue, That Profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. Good Night.

[Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, *Iago* : We must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, Lieutenant : 'Tis not yet ten o' th' Clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona* : Whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the Night with her : And she is sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Caf. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate Creature.

Iago. What an Eye she has ?

Methinks it sounds a Parley to Provocation.

Caf. An inviting Eye ;

And yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarum to Love ?

Caf. She is indeed Perfection.

Iago. Well, Happiness to their Sheets : Come, Lieutenant, I have a stoop of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a measure to the Health of black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago* : I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wish Courtesy would invent some other custom of Entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends : But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too : And behold what Innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the Infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, Man ? 'tis a Night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the Door ; I pray you call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already.
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,
As my young Mistress's Dog.
Now, my sick Fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out.
To *Desdemona* hath to Night carous'd,
Potations, pottle deep ; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling Spirits,
That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warlike Isle,
Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of Drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action

That

That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence doth but approve my Dream,
My Boat sails freely, both with Wind and Stream.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one: Not past a Pint, as I am Soldier.

Iago. Some Wine, ho!

[*Iago sings,*

And let me the Canakin clink, clink,

And let me the Canakin clink,

A Soldier's a Man; Oh Man's Life's but a Span,

Why then let a Soldier drink.

Some Wine, Boys.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*—— drink ho—— are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your *Dane* dead Drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a Vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the Health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: And I'll do you Justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and-a worthy Peer.

His Breeches cost him but a Crown,

He held them Sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the Taylor Lown::

He was a Wight of high Renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,

And take thy aw'd Cloke about thee.

Some Wine ho.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite Song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that does those things. Well ——— Heaven's above all; and there be Souls that must be saved, and there be Souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, no Offence to the General, nor any Man of Quality; I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgive our Sins—Gentlemen, let's look to our Business. Do not think, Gentlemen, I am drunk: This is my Antient, this is my right Hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then: You must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the Platform, Masters, come, let's see the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow that is gone before, He is a Soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*, And give Direction. And do but see his Vice, 'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox, The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him I fear the Trust *Othello* puts him in, On some odd time of his Infirmary, Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his Prologue to his Sleep. He'll watch the Horologue a double Set, If Drink rock not his Cradle,

Mon. It were well

The General were put in mind of it: Perhaps he sees it not; or his good-nature Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Cassio*, And looks not on his Evils; Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*!

I pray you, after the Lieutenant, go.

[Exit *Rod.*
Mon.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a Place as his own-Second,
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie;
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair Island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this Evil. But hark, what Noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue; you Rascal ———

Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knave teach me my Duty? I'll beat the
Knave into a Twiggén Bottle.

Rod. Beat me ———

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenantant; [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your Hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll know you o'er the Mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? ——— [They fight.

Iago. Away I say, go out and cry a Mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo.

Nay, good Lieutenant—Alas, Gentlemen——

Help ho!—Lieutenant—Sir *Montano*——

Help Masters! Here's a goodly Watch indeed——

Who's that which rings the Bell——Diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.

The Town will. Fy, fy, Lieutenant! hold:

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

Oth. Hold, for your Lives.

Iago. Hold ho! Lieutenant — Sir — *Montano* — Gentle.
Have you forgot all place of sense and Duty? [man.

Hold, The General speaks to you — hold for shame——

Oth. Why how now ho? from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do that

Which Heav'n hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For Christian Shame, put by this barbarous Brawl;

He

He that stirs next to carve for his own Rage,
 Holds his Soul right: He dies upon his Motion.
 Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Isle
 From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
 Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
 Speak; Who began this? On thy Love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; Friends all, but now, even now
 In Quarter, and in terms like Bride and Groom
 Divesting them for Bed; and then, but now——
 As if some Planet had unwitting Men,
 Sword out, and tilting one at other's Breasts,
 In Opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish Odds.
 And would in Action glorious, I had lost
 Those Legs that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
 The gravity and stillness of your Youth
 The World hath noted. And your Name is great
 In Mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your Reputation thus,
 And spend your rich Opinion, for the Name
 Of a Night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to Danger;
 Your Officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
 While I spare Speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
 By me that's said or done amiss this Night,
 Unless Self-Charity be sometimes a Vice,
 And to defend our selves it be a Sin,
 When Violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heav'n,
 My Blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
 And Passion, having my best Judgement choler'd,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this Arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul Rout began? who set it on?
 And he that is approv'd in this Offence,

Tho

Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a Birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a Town of War,
Yet wild, the People's Hearts brim-ful of fear,
To manage private and domestick Quarrel?
In Night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety?
'Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or league in Office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
Thou art no Soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this Tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio* :
Yet I perswade my self, to speak so the Truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, General :
Montano and my self being in Speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause ;
My self the crying Fellow did pursue ;
Lest by his Clamour, as it so fell out,
The Town might fall in fright. He, swift of Foot,
Out-ran my purpose : And I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in Oath : which 'till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
For this was brief, I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, even as again they were
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But Men are Men ; the best sometimes forget ;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignity,
Which Patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy Honesty and Love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an Example.

Des. What's the matter, Dear ?

Oth. All's well, Sweeting ;

Come away to Bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My self will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :

Iago, look with care about the Town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers Life,
To have their balmy Slumbers wak'd with their Strife. [*Ex.*

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation ! Oh I have
lost my Reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of my
self, and what remains is bestial. My Reputation, *Iago*,
my Reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had
receiv'd some bodily Wound ; there is more Sense in that
than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most
false Imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without
deserving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unless
you repute your self such a loser, What Man——
there are more ways to recover the General again. You
are but now cast in his mood, a Punishment more in Po-
licy, than in Malice ; even so as one would beat his
offenceless Dog to affright an imperious Lion. Sue to
him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so
good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunk, and speak ? Parrot, and
squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse Fustion with
one's own Shadow ? O thou invisible Spirit of Wine ! if
thou hast no Name to be known by, let us call thee
Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword ?
what had he done to you ?

Cas.

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly : a Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that Men should put an Enemy into their mouths, to steal away their Brains? that we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into Beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the Devil. Drunkenness, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'a : but since it is as it is, mend it for your own Good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place again, he shall tell me, I am a Drunkard? Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*,, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Fool, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Iago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd : Exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir : I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do : Our General's Wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confess your self freely to her : importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a Disposition, she holds it a Vice in her Goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken Joint between you and her Husband, intreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your Love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of Love, and noneff Kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: and betimes in the Morning, I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: Good night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good Night, honest *Iago*. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the Villain? When this Advice is free I give, and honest, Probable to thinking, and indeed the Course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy, Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest Suit. She's fram'd as fruitful As the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his Baptism, All Seals and Symbols of redeemed Sin, His Soul is so infetter'd to her Love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her Appetite shall play the God With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell, When Devils will their blackest Sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly Shews, As I do now. For while this honest Fool Plies *Desdemona*, to repair his Fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this Pestilence into his Ear, That she repeals him for her Body's Lust: And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her Credit with the Moor. So will I turn her Virtue into Pitch, And out of her own Goodness make the Net, That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Roderigo*?

Enter Roderigo.

Red. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My Money is almost

most spent? I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the Issue will be, I shall have so much Experience for my Pains; and so with no Money at all, and a little more Wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heal but by Degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by Wit and not by Witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath cashier'd *Cassio*:
Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self a while. In troth 'tis morning;
Pleasure and Action make the Hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rodorigo.

Two things are to be done;
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress:
I'll set her on my self a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his Wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cas. **M**asters, play here, I will content your Pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good Mor-
row, General.

Clown. Why, Masters, have your Instruments been
in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' Noise thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, Wind Instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a Wind Instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you for Love's sake to make no Noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into Air, away. [Exit Mus.]

Cas. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest Friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the General's Wife be stirring, tell her there is one *Cassio* intreats of her a little favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit Clown.]

Cas. Do my good Friend.

Enter Iago.

In happy time *Iago*.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the Day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, *Iago*, to send in to your Wife; My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia

Emil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am sorry For your Displeasure; but all will, sure, be well.

The General and his Wife are talking of it: And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,

That

That he you hurt is of great Fame in *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity; and that in wholsom Wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you,
And needs no other Suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me Advantage of some brief Discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your Bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give, *Iago*, to the Pilot,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification, Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my Abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do:

I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the Cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow; do not doubt, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

Cas.

Caf. Ay, but Lady,
That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my Love and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
His Bed shall seem a School, his Board a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your Discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my Wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord?

I have been talking with a Suitor here.
A Man that languishes in your Displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good, my Lord,
If I have any Grace, or Power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I have no Judgment in an honest Face.

I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,

That he hath left part of his Grief with me

To suffer with him. Good Love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to Night, at Supper ?

Oth. No, not to Night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :

I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Des. Why then to morrow Night, on *Tuesday* Morn,

On *Tuesday* Noon, or Night, on *Wednesday* Morn.

I prithee name the Time, but let it not

Exceed three Days ; in Faith he's Penitent :

And yet his trespass, in our common Reason,

(Save that they say the Wars must make Example,

Out of their best,) is not almost a Fault

T'incur a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so mutt'ring on ? What ? *Michael Cassio* ! —

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in ? Trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Prithee no more, let him come when he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boon ;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your Gloves,

Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm ;

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar Profit

To your Person. Nay, when I have suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,

It shall be full of Poize, and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit.]

Oth. Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*,
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your Love?

Oth. He did from first to last.

Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! ———

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed, Discern'st thou ought of that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? Ay, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord! ———

Oth. Think, my Lord! Alas, thou echo'st me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that —
When *Cassio* left my Wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed?
And didst contract and purse thy Brow together;
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy Brain
Some horrible Conceits: If thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost :

And for I know thou'rt full of Love and Honesty :
And weigh'ft thy Words before thou giv'ft them Breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal Knave,
Are tricks of Custom ; but in a Man that's just,
They're cold Dilations working from the Heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.

Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain Men should be what they seem,

Iago. Why, then, I think *Cassio's* an honest Man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,

I pray thee ; speak to me as to my thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of Thoughts
The worst of Words.

Iago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.

I am not bound to every Act of Duty,

I am not bound to that, all Slaves are free to ;

Utter my Thoughts !—Why say they are vile and false ;

As where's that Palace, whereunto foul things

Sometimes intrude not ? who has that Breast so pure,

But some uncleanly Apprehensions

Keep Leets, and Law-days, and in Sessions sit

With Meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Iago*,

If thou but think'ft him wrong'd, and mak'ft his Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my Guess,

(As I confess it is my Nature's Plague

To spy into Abuses, and oft my Jealousy

Shapes Faults that are not,) that your Wisdom,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no Notice, nor build your self a T

Out of his Scattering, and unsure Observance ;

It were not for your Quiet, nor for your Good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty and Wisdom,
To let you know my Thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good Name in Man and Woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls ;
Who steals my Purse, steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oob. I'll know thy Thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my Heart were in your Hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of Jealousy,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The Meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in Bliss,
Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his Wronger ;
But oh, what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O Misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But Riches fineless, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor ;
Good Heav'n ! the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousy.

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a Life of Jealousy ?
To follow still the Changes of the Moon,
With fresh Suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
To such exufficate, and blown Surmises,
Matching thy inference : 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak Merits will I draw

The smallest Fear, or doubt of her Revolt,
For she had Eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the Proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have Reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker Spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of Proof;
Look to your Wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Wear your Eyes, thus, not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble Nature,
Out of self-bounty be abus'd: look to't.
I know our Country-Disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let Heav'n see the Pranks [ence
They dare not shew their Husbands; their best Consci-
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your Looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seal her Father's Eyes up close as Oak ———
He thought 'twas Witchcraft ———
But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your Pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits.

Oth. Not a Jot, not a Jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my Love. But I do see you're mov'd.
I am to pray you, not to strain my Speech
To grosser Issues, nor to larger Reach,
Than to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My Speech should fall into such vile Success,
Which my Thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
My Lord, I see you're mov'd—— [Friend:

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it self——

Iago. Ay, there's the Point;—as, to be bold with you;
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell in such, a Will most rank,
Foul Disproportions, Thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in Position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her Will, recoiling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her Country-Forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy Wife to observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

[Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
For sure he fills it up with great Ability;
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his Means;
Note, if your Lady strain his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement Importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my Fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free. I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my Government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.
Oth.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding Honesty,
And knows all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit,
Of human Dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft Parts of Conversation,
That Chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the Vale of Years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my Relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a Corner in the thing I love,
For others uses. Yet 'tis the Plague to Great ones,
Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base,
'Tis Destiny unshunnable like Death;
Even then, this forked Plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look where she comes!

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O then Heav'n mocks it self:
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders,
By you invited, do attend your Presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a Pain upon my Forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little;

[She drops her Handkerchief.]

Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

Emil. I am glad that I have found this Napkin;
This was her first Remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times.

Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,
 For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out.
 And give't *Iago*; what he will do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I:
 I nothing, but to please his Phantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish Wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
 For that same Handkerchief?

Iago. What Handkerchief?

Æmil. What Handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
 That which so often you bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by Negligence,
 And to th' Advantage, I being here, took't up:
 Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good Wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so
 earnest to have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it.]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give't me again. Poor Lady, she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not known on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [Exit Æmil.]
 I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this Napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as Air
 Are to the Jealous, Confirmations strong,
 As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something,
 The Moor already changes with my Poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
 But with a little act upon the Blood,

Burn

Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the World,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why, how now, General ; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone ; thou hast set me on the Wreck ;
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord ?

Oth. What scent had I, in her stol'n hours of Lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next Night well, fed well, was free and merry,
I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips ;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body.
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind. Farewel Content ;
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War,
That make Ambition Virtue ! Oh farewell,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Ear-piercing Fife,
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War :
And O you mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel ! *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore ;
Be sure of it : Give me the Ocular Proof,

[Catching hold on him.]

Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the Probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorse;
On Horrors Head, Horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that,

Iago. O Grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? or Sense?
God be w' you: take mine Office. O wretched Fool,
That lov'st to make thine Honesty a Vice!
Oh monstrous World! take note, take note. O World,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this Profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, sith Love breeds such Offence.

Oth. Nay, stay——thou should'st be honest——

Iago. I should be wise, for Honesty's a Fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. My Name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own Face, if there be Cords or Knives,
Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see you are eaten up with Passion;
I do not repent that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-visor grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death, and Damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious Difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that Prospect, damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster

More

More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as gross
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you might hav't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the Office;
But sith I am entred in this Cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty and Love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging Tooth,
I could not sleep. There are a kind of Men,
So loose of Soul, that in their Sleeps will mutter
Their Affairs; one of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be weary, let us hide our Loves;
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my Hand,
Cry—oh sweet Creature—then kifs me hard,
As if he pluckt up Kisses by the Roots,
And grew upon my Lips, lay his Leg o'er my Thigh,
And sigh and kifs, and then cry curld Fate,
That gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a Dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other Proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, yet be wise, yet see we nothing done;
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchief
Spotted with Strawberries, in your Wife's Hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first Gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a Handkerchief,
I am sure it was your Wife's, did I to Day

See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other Proofs.

Oth. O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives?
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge,
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here *Iago*,
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n. 'Tis gone;
Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell,
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell Bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspics Tongues,

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood! Blood, Blood——

Iago. Patience I say, your mind my change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*, Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose Icy Current, and compulsive Course,
Ne'er feels retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont*:
Even so my bloody Thoughts, with violent Pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
'Till that a capable and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred Vow, [He kneels.
I here engage my Words——

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Iago kneels.

Witness you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here *Iago* doth give up
The Execution of his Wit, Hands, Heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy Love,
Not with vain Thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the Instant put thee to't:
Within these three Days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My Friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live,

Oth.

Oth. Damn her, leud Minx ! O damn her, damn her !
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of Death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iaso. I am your own for ever [Exit.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes ?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why Man ?

Clown. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a Lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own Throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by report ?

Clown. I will catechize the World for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of Man's Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit Clown.

Des. Where should I lose the Handkerchief, *Emilia* ?

Emil. I know not, Madam,

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my Purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking,

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who he ? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such Humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord!

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*!

Des. Well, my good Lord. [Lady

Oth. Give me your Hand; this Hand is moist, my

Des. It hath felt no Age, nor known no Sorrow.

Oth. This argues Fruitfulness, and liberal Heart:
Hot, hot, and moist—this Hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty, Fasting and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand. The Hearts of old, gave Hands;
But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your Promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That white. I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?—

Des. No indeed my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That Handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my Mother give;
She was a Charmer, and cou'd almost read
The Thoughts of People. She told her while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father
Intirely to her Love; but if she lost it,
Or made a Gift of it, my Father's Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After many Fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;

Make

Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye ;
To lose't, to giv't away, were such a Perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ;

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's Magick in the web of it :
A *Sibyl* that had numbred in the World
The Sun to course two hundred Compasses,
In her prophetick Fury sow'd the work :
The Worms were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens Hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true !

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heav'n, that I had never seen't !

Oth. Ha ? wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost, is't gone ? Speak, is't out o'th' way ?

Des. Bless us ! —————

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what and if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can ; Sir, but I will not now :
This is a Trick to put me from my Suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief — my mind mis-
gives —————

Des. Come, come ; you'll never meet a more sufficient
man.

Oth. The Handkerchief —————

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your Love ;
Shar'd Dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief ———

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away

[*Exit.* Othello.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous !

Des. I never saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchief,

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a Year or two shews us a Man :
They are but Stomachs, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Look you, *Cassio*, and my Husband,

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't ;
And to the Happiness ; go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the News with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his Love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my Heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd ;
If my Offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my Service past, not present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in Futurity,
Can ransom me into his Love again ;
But to know so, must be my Benefit,
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To Fortunes Alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My Advocation is not now in tune ;
My Lord, is not my Lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So help me every Spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his Displeasure,
For my free Speech. You must a while be patient ;
What I can do, I will : and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now ;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm

Puff his own Brother ; and is he angry ?
 Something of Moment then ; I will go meet him.
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

Des. I prithee do so. Something sure of State,
 Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd Practice,
 Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus*, to him,
 Hath puddled his clear Spirit ; and in such Cases,
 Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Tho' great ones are their Object. 'Tis even so.
 For let our Finger ake, and it endues
 Our other healthful Members, even to a Sense
 Of Pain. Nay, we must think Men are not Gods,
 Nor of them look for such Observance always,
 As fits the Bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was, unhandsome Warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his Unkindness with my Soul ;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the Witness,
 And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray Heav'n it be
 State-matters, as you think, and no Conception,
 Nor jealous Toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day I never gave him Cause.

Æmil. But jealous Souls will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the Cause,
 But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster
 Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep the Monster from *Othello's* Mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout ;
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your Suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, Friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home ?
 How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca* ?
 Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your House.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*,
 What ? keep a Week away ? Seven Days and Nights ?
 Eightscore eight Hours ? and Loves absent Hours

More

More tedious than the Dial, eightscore times ?
Oh weary reck'ning !

Caf. Pardon me, *Bianca* :

I have this while with leaden Thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this Score of Absence. Sweet *Bianca* !

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this ?
This is some Token from a newer Friend ;
To the felt-absence now I feel a Cause :
Is't come to this ? Well, well.

Caf. Go to, Woman ;
Throw your vile Gueſſes in the Devil's Teeth,
Frem whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some Mistress, some remembrance ?
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Caf. I know not neither ; I found it in my Chamber ;
I like the Work well : Ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I would have it copied :
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ? wherefore ?

Caf. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no Addition, nor my Wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me ;
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at Night ?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room of State.*

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kifs in private?

Oth. An authoris'd Kifs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in Bed,
An Hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in Bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is Hypocrisy against the Devil:

They that men virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their Virtue tempts, and they tempt Heav'n:

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any Man.

Oth. She is Protectress of her Honour too,
May she give that?

Iago. Her Honour is an Essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief——

Oth. By Heav'n I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst, Oh, it comes o'er my Memory,
As doth the Raven o'er the infectious House,
Boading to all, he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago.

Iago. He hath, my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Oth. What? what

Iago. Lie ———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her — what you will ———

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! we say, lie on her,
when they be-lie her. Lie with her! that's fullom. Hand-
kerchief — Confessions — Handkerchief ——— to confess, and
be hang'd for his Labour — First, to be hang'd, and then
to confess — I tremble at it — Nature would not invest her
self in such shadowing Passion, without some instruction.
It is no Words that shake me thus ——— pish ——— Noses,
Ears and Lips ——— is't possible! ——— Confess! ———
Handkerchief! ——— O Devil ——— [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iago. Work on.

My Medicine works; thus credulous Fools are caught;
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach; what hoa! my Lord.
My Lord, I say *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter!

Iago. My Lord is falln into an Epilepsy,
That is the second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage Madnefs; look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great Occasion speak with you, [*Exit Cassio.*]
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your Head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A horned Man's a Monster and a Beast.

Iago. There's many a Beast then in a populous City,
And

And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a Man :

Think every bearded Fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper Beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your Cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the spite of Hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure Couch ;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient List.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your Grief
(A Passion most resulting such a Man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'Scuses on your Extasy,
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gibes, and notable Scorns,
That dwell in every Region of his Face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew ;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your Wife.
I say, but mark his Gesture. Marry, Patience,
Or I shall say y'ar all in Spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will be found most cunning in my Patience ;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Housewife, that by selling her Desires,
Buys herself Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;

He,

He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish Jealousy must construe,
Poor *Cassio's* Smiles, Gestures, and light Behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you gave me the Addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* Power, [*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor Caitiff.

Oth. Look how he laughs already,

Iago. I never knew a Woman love Man so.

Cas. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her,
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry!—What? a Customer? prithee bear
Some Charity to my Wit, do not think it
So unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so; they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villain else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me? well.

Cas. This is the *Monkey's* own giving out:
She is persuaded I will marry her, [mise.
Out of her own Love and Flattery, not out of my pro-

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: Now he begins the Story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every
place, I was the other Day talking on the Sea Bank with
certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls
me thus about my Neck——

Oth.

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were : His Gesture imports it,

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me,
So shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha. ———

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber ;
Oh, I see that Nose of yours, but not that Dog I shall
throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her Company.

Iago. Before me ; look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew ! marry, a perfum'd
one : What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you ; what did
you mean by that same Handkerchief you gave me even
now, I was a fine Fool to take it : I must take out the
work ? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in
your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is
some minx's Token, and I must take out the Work ? There,
give it your Hobby-Horse ; Wheresoever you had it, I'll
take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca* ?

How now ? How now ?

Oth. By Heav'n, that should be my Handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to Supper to Night, you may ; if
you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the Streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very
fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee come, will you ?

Iago. Go to ? say no more.

[*Exit Cas.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago* ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his Vice ?

Oth. Oh, *Iago* !

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine.

Iago.

Iago. Yours, by this Hand : And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your Wife— She gave it him, and he hath given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing :

A fine Woman ! a fair Woman ! a sweet Woman,—

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to Night, for she shall not live. No, my Heart is turn'd to Stone : I strike it, and it hurts my Hand. Oh, the World hath not a sweeter Creature— She might lie by an Emperor's Side, and command him Tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her Needle — an admirable Musician. Oh, she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear : Of so high a plenteous Wit and Invention —

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :
And then of so gentle a Condition. —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it,
Iago —

Iago. If you are so fond over her Iniquity, give her Patent to offend : For if it touch not you, it comes near no Body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes : Cuckold me !

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some Poison, *Iago*, this Night, I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again : This Night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with Poison, strangle her in her Bed, Even the Bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The Justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his Undertaker :
You shall hear more by Midnight.

Enter

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good — what Trumpet is that fame?

Iago. I warrant something from *Venice*.

'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.

See your Wife's with him.

Rod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their Pleasures.

Des. And what's the News, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, Signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fal'n between him and my Lord
An unkind Breach: But you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call, he's busy in the Paper
Is there Division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the Love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone!

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Truitt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh Devil, Devil!

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my Sight——

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep.
And she's Obedient: As you say Obedient.
Very Obedient——proceed you in your Tears——
Concerning this, Sir——oh well painted passion!——
I am commanded home——get you away,
I'll send for you anon——Sir, I obey the Mandate,
And will return to *Venice*——Hence, avant! [*Ex. Dei.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to Night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid Virtue
The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Change
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his Wits safe? Is he not of light Brain?

Iago. He's that he is; I may not breathe my Censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to Heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his Wife!

Iago. Faith that was not so well? yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,

And

And new create his Fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own Courses will denote him so,

That I may save my Speech; do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *An Apartment.*

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each Syllable that Breath made up between them.

Oth. What! Did they never wisper !

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor fend you out o'th' way !

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor no- [*thing !*]

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange !

Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my Soul at Stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your Bosom.
If any Wretch hath put this in your Head,
Let Heav'n requite it with the Serpent's Curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no Man happy, the purest of their Wives,
Is foul as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go, [*Exit Æmilia.*]
She says enough; yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore,
A Closet-lock and Key of villanious Secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your Will ?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Des.

Des. What is your Pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes ; look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistrefs,
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the Door
Cough or cry hem, if any body come.

Your Mystery, your mystery ; nay, dispatch. [*Exit Æmil.*]

Des. Upon my Knee, what doth your Speech import ?
I understand a Fury in your Words.

Oth. Why ? what art thou ?

Des. Your Wife, my Lord ; your true and loyal Wife.

Oth. Come swear it ; damn thy self, being like one
Of Heav'n, the Devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd ; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord
With whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
Am I the motive of these Tears, my Lord ?
If happily you my Father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your Blame on me, if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n,
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes ;
I should have found in some place of my Soul
A drop of Patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed Figure for the Hand of Scorn
To point his slow and moving Finger at —
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well :
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence ;

Or

Or keep it as a Cistern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me Honest.

Oth. O ay, as Summer-Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou Weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet;
That the Sense akes at thee;
Would thou'dst never been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modesty,
Did I but speak thy Deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
And will not heart't. What, committed?

Des. By Heav'n, you do me Wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my Lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be fav'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you Mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You, Mistress,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the Office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the Gate of Hell. You, you! Ay you!
We have done our Course, there's Mony for your Pains;
I pray you, turn the Key, and keep your Counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam! How do you, my good Lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none, do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor Answer have I none,
But what should go by Water. Pr'ythee to Night,
Lay on my Bed my wedding Sheets, remember;
And call thy Husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed.

[*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st Opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your Pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you!

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your Babes,
Do it with gentle Means, and easy Tasks;
He might have chid me so; For in good Faith,
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What's the Matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy Terms upon her,
That true Hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that Name, *Iago*?

Iago. What Name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her Whore; a Beggar, in his Drink,
Could not have laid such Terms upon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the Day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
'To be call'd Whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago,

Iago. Beshrew him for't ; how comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, Heav'n doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal Villain,
Some busy and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Has not devis'd this Slander : I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fy, there is no such Man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heav'n pardon him.

Emil. A Halter pardon him, and Hell gnaw his Bones !
Why should he call her whore ? Who keeps her Com-
pany ?

What Place ? what time ? what Form ? what Likely-
hood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
O Heav'n, that such Companions thoud'it unfold,
And put in every honest Hand a whip,
To lash the Rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to th' west.

Iago. Speak within Door.

Emil. Oh fy upon them ! Some such 'Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a Fool ; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago.*

What shall I do to win my Lord again ?

Good Friend, go to him ; for by this light of Heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ; [*Kneeling.*

If e'er my Will did trespass 'gainst his Love,
Either in Discourse, or Thought, or actual Deed ;
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sense
Delighted them on any other Form ;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his Unkindness may defeat my Life,
But never taint my Love, I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhor me, now I speak the word,

To do the Act, that might the Addition earn,
Not the World's Mass of Vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content ; 'tis but his Humour ;
The Business of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hark, how these Instruments summon to supper ; [*Trumpets.*
'The Messenger of *Venice* stays the Meat ;
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. I do not find

That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device, *Iago*,
and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all
Conveniency, than suppliest me with the least Advantage
of Hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I
yet perswaded to put up in Peace, what already I have
foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. I have heard too much ; and your words and per-
formances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but Truth : I have wasted my self
out of my means. The Jewels you have had from me
to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist.
You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd
me Expectations and Comforts of sudden Respect, and
Acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to ; I cannot go to, Man, nor 'tis
not very well ; nay, I think it is scurvy ; and begin to
find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well ; I will make my self
known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I
will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Solicitation.
If not, assure your self, I will seek Satisfaction of you.

Iago.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what, I protest, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's Mettle in thee; and even from this Instant do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before; give me thy Hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just Exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suspicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever (I mean, Purpose, Courage, and Valour) this Night shew it. If thou the next Night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this World with Treachery, and devise Engines for my Life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within Reason and Compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*: turn again to *Venice*.

Iago. O no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode is lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be yet determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place; knocking out his Brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his Death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time; and the Night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and
Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further ?

Oth. Oh pardon ; 'twill do me good to walk. [*ship.*

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your Lady.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir : Oh *Desdemona* !

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to Bed on th'Instant, I will be return'd
forthwith ; dismiss your Attendant there ; look't be done.

[*Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent.

And hath commanded me to go to Bed,

And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me ?

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good *Æmil*ia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I ; my Love doth so approve him, ¹
That even his Stubbornness, his Checks, his Frowns,
(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those Sheets you bad me on the Bed.

Des. Ali's one ; good Father ! how foolish are our
Minds ?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of these same Sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow,
An old thing t'was, but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to Night
Will not go from my Mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my Head all at one side
And sing it like poor *Barbara* ; pr'ythee dispatch.

Æmil.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here ;

This *Lodowico* is a proper Man.

Æmil. A very handsom Man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether Lip.

Des. The poor Soul sat Singing by a *Sycamore Tree*.

[Singing.

Sing all a green Willow :

Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,

Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.

The fresh Streams ran by her, and murmur'd her Moans ;

Sing Willow, &c.

Her salt Tears fell from her, and softned the Stones ;

Sing Willow, &c.

[Lady by these.

Willow, Willow. (Pr'ythee hye thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green Willow must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his Scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next——Hark, who is't that knocks ?

Æmil. It's the Wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love ; but what said he then ?

Sing Willow, &c.

If I court more Women you'll touch with more Men.

So get thee gone, good Night, mine Eyes do itch,

Doth that bode weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so ; O these Men, these Men !

Dost thou in Conscience think, tell me Æmilia,

That there be Women do abuse their Husbands,

In such gross kind ?

Æmil. There be some such, no Question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the World ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this Heav'nly Light,

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heav'nly Light,

I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the World ?

Æmil. The World's a huge thing ;

It is a great price, for a small Vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-Ring, nor for Measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps; nor any petty Exhibition. But for all the whole World; why, who would not make her Husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the who'e World.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your Labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th'vantage, As would flore the world they plaid for.

But I do think it is their Husband's Faults

If Wives do fall: Say, they slack their Duties,

And pour out Treasures into foreign Laps;

Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,

Throwing restraint on us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despight;

Why we have Galls; and though we have some Grace,

Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know,

Their wives have Sense like them; they see and smell,

And have their Palates both for sweet and sower,

As Husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is; and doth Affection breed it?

I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we Affections?

Desires for sport? and Frailty as Men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know,

The Ills we do, their Ills instruct us to.

Des. Good Night; good Night; Heav'n me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad mend. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. **H**ERE, stand behind this Bulk, Straight will
he come :

Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy Resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy Hand ; behold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great Devotion to the Deed,

And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons ;
'Tis but a Man gone. Forth my Sword ; he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young Knot almost to the Sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my Gain. Live *Rodorigo* ;
He calls me to a Restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily Beauty in his Life,
That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much Peril ;
No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming. [*Exit Iago.*

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his Gate ; 'tis he ; Villain thou diest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine Enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better than thou know'st :
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[*Fight, and both fall.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever ;
Help ho ! Murther, Murther !

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The Voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his Word.

Rod. Oh, Villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help; ho! Light! A Surgeon! ———

Oth. 'Tis he! O brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble Sense of thy Friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unblest Fate hies. Strumpet, I come:
For off my Heart, those Charms, thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed Lust-stain'd, shall with Lust's Blood be spotted.

[*Exit Othello.*]

Enter Lodovico und Gratiano.

Cas. What ho! No Watch? No Passage? Murder,
Murder!

Gra. 'Tis some Mischance, the Voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. 'Tis heavy Night;
These may be Counterfeits, Let's think't unsafe
To come into the Cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come: Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his Shirt.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his Shirt with Light and
Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?

Whose Noise is this that cries out Murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a Cry?

Cas. Here, here: For Heav'n sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoil'd, undone by Villains?
Give me some Help.

Iago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villains have done this?

Cas.

Caf. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain! [*Iago slabs him.*]

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhuman Dog!

Iago. Kill Men i'th' dark? Where be these bloody
Thieves!

How silent is this Town? Ho, Murder! Murder!

What may you be? Are you of Good or Evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovio*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio* hurt by Villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Caf. My Leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry Heav'n forbid!

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd;

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I am forry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So——— Oh for a Chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a Party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come:
Lend me Light: Know we this Face, or no?

Alas, my Friend, and my dear Countryman
Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir : did you know him?

Gra. Know him? Ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle Pardon :
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he : Oh that's well said, the Chair.
Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon. For you, Mistress,
Save you your Labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear Friend. What Malice was between you?

Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.

Iago. What, look you pale? Oh bear him out o'th' Air.
Stay you, good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistress?
Do you perceive the Ghostness of her Eye; [To Bianca.
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her.
Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, Guiltiness will speak,
Though Tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Alas, what is the Matter;
What is the Matter, Husband!

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the Dark
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellows that are scap'd :
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas good Gentleman! Alas, good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee *Emilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to Night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my House, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh fy upon thee, Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of Life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fy upon thee.

Iago. Kind Gentlemen, let's go see poor *Cassio* dress,
Come, Mistress, you must tell's another Tale.

Emilia.

Emilia run to the Citadel,
 And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd :
 Will you go on afore ? this is the Night
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause, my Soul ;
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars,
 It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
 Nor scar that whiter Skin of hers than Snow,
 And smooth as Monumental Alabaster :
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more Men :
 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light ;
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 I can again thy former Light restore,
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
 Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* Heat,
 That can thy Light re-lumine.
 When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
 I cannot give it vital Growth again.
 It needs must wither, I'll smell thee on the Tree ; [*Kissing her*
O balmy Breath, that doth almost persuade
 Justice to break her Sword. One more, one more ;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and that's the last,
 So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel Tears : This Sorrow's heav'nly ;
 It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? *Othello.*

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to Bed, my Lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to Night, *Desdemona* ?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any Crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n, and Grace,

Solicit

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heav'n's fore-send, I would not kill thy Soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my Heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you : For you're fatal then,
When your Eyes rowl so.

Why I should fear I know not,

Since Guiltiness I know not : But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy Sins.

Des. They are Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That Death's unnatural, that kills for Loving;
Alas, why gnaw you so your Nether-lip ?

Some bloody Passion shakes your very Frame ;

These are Portents : But yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me,

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : What's the matter ?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life and Soul : Send for the Man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy Death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy Sin :

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des.

Des. And have you Mercy too ; I never did
Offend you in my Life ; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warrantry of Heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heav'n I saw my Handkerchief in's Hand,
O perjur'd Woman ! thou dost stone my Heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,
A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him ; send for him hither,
Let him confess a Truth.

Oth. He hath confess.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his Mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en Order for't.

Des. Oh, my Fear interprets. What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revenge
Had Stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out Strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my Face ;

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to Morrow, let me live to Night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an Hour——

Oth. Being done, there is no Pause.

Des. But while I say one Prayer——

Oth. It is too late. [*Attempts to smother her.*]

Æmilia at the Door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord ! What hoa !
My Lord, My Lord !

Oth. What Noise is this ? not dead ? not yet quite dead ?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in Pain,
So, so.

Æmil.

Æmil. within.] What hoa ! my Lord, my Lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* Death ;

The Noise was high. Ha, no more moving ?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in ? wer't good ?

I think she stirs again — No — what's best to do ?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my Wife ;

My Wife ! my Wife ! what Wife ? I have no Wife.

Oh insupportable ! Oh heavy Hour ;

Methinks it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sun and Moon, and that th' affrighted Globe

Should yawn at Alteration——

Æmil. I do beseech you

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord——

Oth. I had forgot thee ; Oh come in, *Æmilia*,

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw.

Where art thou ? what's the matter with thee now.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul Murther done.

Oth. What ? now ?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very Error of the Moon ;

She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,

And makes Men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young *Venetian*, call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd ; and *Cassio* kill'd ?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd : Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Æmil. Alas ! what cry is that :

Oth. That ? what ?

Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Lady's Voice.

Help ! help ! hoa ! help ! Oh Lady, speak again,

Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistress, speak.

Des.

Des. A guiltless Death I die.

Æmil. Oh! who hath done this Deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;

Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell.

[Dies]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the Truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning Hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to Folly, and she was a Whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as Water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as Fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her; ask thy Husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in Hell,
But that I did proceed upon just Grounds
To this Extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil. My Husband!

Oth. Thy Husband.

Æmil. That she was false to Wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: Had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My Husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime
That sticks on filthy Deeds.

Æmil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this Iteration, Woman?
I say thy Husband.

Æmil. Oh Mistrefs! Vilany has made mocks with
Love.

My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;

I say thy Husband; do'st understand the Word?

My

My Friend, thy Husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he says so, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a grain a Day; he lies to th' Heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargain.

Oth. Hah?

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This Deed of thine is no more worthy Heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that Power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt: Oh Gull! oh Dolt!
As ignorant as Dirt; thou hast done a Deed——
I care not for thy Sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty Lives—Help! help! help! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my Mistress. Murder, Murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? You have done well,
That Men must lay their Murders on your Neck,

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a Man,
He says thou toldst him that his Wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a Villain.
Speak, for my Heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a Lye; an odious damn'd Lye:
Upon my Soul a Lye; a wicked Lye.
She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistress; go to, charm your Tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my Tongue; I am bound to
speak,

My Mistress here lies murder'd in her Bed,

All. Oh Heav'n's forehead!

Æmil. And your Reports have set the Murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, Masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous Act.

Æmil.

Æmil. Villany! Villany! Villany!
I think upon't—I think—I smell't — O Villain
I thought so then; I'll kill my self for Grief,
O Villany, Villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speak
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh!

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up Eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, Uncle; there lies your Niece
Whose Breath indeed, these Hands have newly stopt.
I know this Act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure Grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This Sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better Angel from his Side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the Act of Shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratify his amorous Works,
With that Recognizance and Pledge of Love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his Hand;
It was an Handkerchief, an antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Æmil. Oh Heav'n! O heav'nly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out — I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the North,
Let Heav'n, and Men, and Devils, let them all,
All, all cry Shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fy, your Sword upon a Woman?

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband;
For often, with a solemn Earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a Trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous Whore!

Æmil. She gave it *Cassio*? Alas, I found it,
And I did give it my Husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By Heav'n I do not; I do not, Gentlemen:
Oh murderous Coxcomb, what should such a Fool
Do with so good a Wife?

[*Iago breaks through and wounds his Wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no Stones in Heav'n,
But what serve for the Thunder? precious Villain!

Gra. The Woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; Oh lay me by my Mistress' side

Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take you his Weapon;
Which I have recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the Door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'm after that same Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [Exit.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every Puny Whipter gets my Sword.
But why should Honour out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* —
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my Soul to Bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilias Dies.*]

Oth. I have another Weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks Temper;
Oh here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no Weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the Matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a Weapon:

A better never did it self sustain

Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I have seen the Day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more Impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain Boast!
Who can controul his Fate? 'Tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my Journey's end, here is my Butt,

And very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost Fear:

Man but a Rush against *Othello's* Breast,

And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

Now—how dost thou look now? Oh ill-starr'd Wench!

Pale as thy Smock! When we shall meet at Compt,

This look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heav'n,

And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?

E'en like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!

Whip me, ye Devils,

From the Possession of this heav'nly Sight;

Blow me about in Winds, and roast me in Sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid Fire———

Oh *Desdemona*! Dead *Desdemona*! Dead, dead! Oh, oh

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded. Montano, and

Iago Prisoner, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate Man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: Here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his Feet; but that's a Fable.

If that thou beest a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;

For in my Sense, 'tis Happiness to die.

Lod. O thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,

Faln in the practice of a cursed Slave,

What

What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why any thing ;

An honourable Murder, if you will :

For nought I did in hate but all in Honour.

Lod. This Wretch hath part confest his Villany ;

Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* Death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your Pardon :

Will you, I pray, demand that Demy-Devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soul and Body.

Iago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray !

Gra. Torments will ope your Lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir you shall understand what hath befalln,
Which, as I think, you know not ; here is a Letter,
Found in the Pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The Death of *Cassio*, to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villain !

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross.

Lod. Now, here's another discontented Paper
Found in his Pocket too ; and this it seems
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned Villain ;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious Caitiff !

How come you, *Cassio*, by that Handkerchief
That was my Wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber ;

And he himself confest it but even now.

That here he dropt it for a special Purpose,
Which wrought to his Desire.

Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool !

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch ; whereon it came

That

That I was cast ; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this Room, and go with us ;
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your Fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some Service, and they know't ;
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in Malice.

Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the Extream ; of one, whose Hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his Tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting Mood,
Drop Tears as fast as the *Arabian* Trees
Their Medicinal Gum. Set you down this ;
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant, and a turban'd Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' Throat the Circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. Oh bloody Period !

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee ! No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a Kifs.

[*Dies.*]

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no Weapon ;
For he was great of Heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* Dog !

More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea !

Look

Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed ;
 This is thy work ; the object poisons sight,
 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the House,
 And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
 Remains the Censure of this hellish Villain :
 The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inferce it.
 My self will straight aboard, and to the State,
 This heavy Act, with heavy Heart, relate. [Exeunt,

F I N I S.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices, have printed and published several of *Shakespear's* Plays, and to screen their innumerable Errors, advertise, that they are printed as they are acted ; and industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres. I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of my self, that no Person ever had directly, from me any such Copy or Copies ; neither would I be accessory, on any Account, to the imposing on the Publick such useles, pirated, and maimed Editions, as are published by the said *R. Walker*.

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 Prompter to his Majesty's
 Company of Comedians
 at the Theatre Royal in
 Drury-Lane.

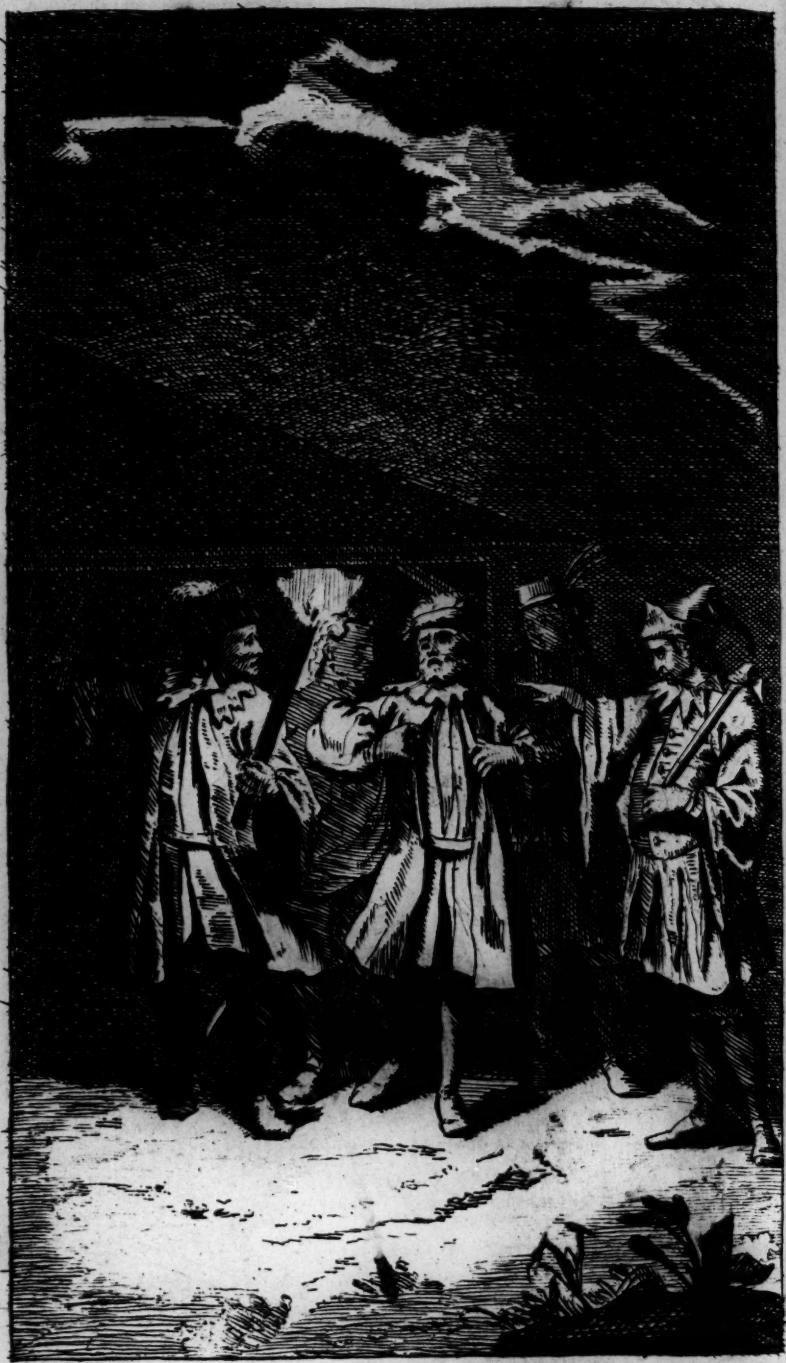


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Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
KING LEAR.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, and the rest of the
P R O P R I E T O R S ; and sold by the Book sellers
of London and Westminster.

M D C C X X X I V .

Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ster.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.
Curan, a Courtier.
Doctor.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on, Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.
Servant to Cornwall.
Servants to Glo'ster.

Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE lies in Britain.



KING



KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the King's Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

KENT.



Thought, the King had more affected
the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall*.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but
now in the Division of the Kingdom,
it appears not, which of the Dukes
he values most; for qualities are so
weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can
make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I
have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I
am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; where-
upon she grew reund-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir,
a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it
being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some
year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my ac-
count; though this knave came somewhat sawcily to
the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother
fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whor-
son must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Noble-
man, *Edmund*?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent; —————

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

[*Trumpets sound, within.*]

The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill,

Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, *Glo'ster.*

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose,

Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,

In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,

To shake all cares and business from our age;

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of Cornwall,

And You, our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife [*gundy.*

May be prevented now. The Princes France and Bur-

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,

Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, Daughters,

(Since now we will divest us both of rule,

Int'rest of territory, cares of state;)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend,

Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill,*

Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. I love you, Sir,

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent, [*Aside.*

Lear. O fall these Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,

With

KING LEAR.

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart.
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
My self an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*! [*Aside.*]
And yet not so, since, I am sure my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*. — Now our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'ress'd: what say you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia*? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? hap'ly, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty,
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all. —

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:

For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, messes
To gorge his appetite; shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege ———

Lear. Peace, *Kent*!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight! ———

[*To Cor.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?
Call *Furgundy*. ——— *Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dowres, digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my Power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'net part between you. [*Giving the Crown*]

Kent. Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs ———

Lear.

KING LEAR.

7

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainness Honour
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo* ———

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant! ———

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; sith thus thou wilt appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
 Thus justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
 That good effects may spring from words of love:
 Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
 He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

Enter Glo'ter, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
 Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least
 Will you require in present dowre with her,
 Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
 I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
 When she was dear to us, we held her so;
 But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
 If aught within that little seeming substance,
 Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
 Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
 Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
 Election makes not up on such conditions. [*me,*]

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made
 I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great King,
 [*To France.*]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,
 T' avert your liking a more worthy way
 Than on a wretch, whom nature is ashamed
 Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!

That

KING LEAR.

That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; or your so e-voucht affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak.) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th'intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is her self a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheess of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing: ——— I've sworn.

Bur. I'm sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon ;
 Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, Gods ! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
 Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
 Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France* :
 Not all the Dukes of war'rish *Burgundy*
 Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
 Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind ;
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, *France* ; let her be thine, for we
 Have no such daughter ; nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again ; therefore be gone
 Without our grace, our love, our benison :
 Come, noble *Burgundy*. [Flourish. *Exeunt Lear*
 [and *Burgundy*.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know what you are,
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father ;
 To your professing bosoms I commit him ;
 But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
 At fortune's alms ; you have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the Want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
 Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
 Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*. [Ex. *Fra.* and *Cor*.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
 Of what most nearly appertains to us both ;
 I think, our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you ; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-
 servation have made of it hath not been little ; he
 always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judge-
 ment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly

Reg.

KING LEAR.

11.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ; then must we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-ingraved condition but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Keni's* banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between *France* and him ; pray you, let us hit together : if our father carry authority with Such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E changes to a castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, *Nature*, art my Goddess ; to thy law My services are bound ; wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curtesie of nations, to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother ? Why *bastard* ? wherefore *base* ? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true, As honest Madam's issue ? why brand they us With *base* ? with *baseness* ? *bastardy* ? *base*, *base* ? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality ; Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake ? Well then, Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land ; Our father's love is to the *bastard Edmund*, As to th' legitimate ; fine word ——— legitimate ——— Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the *base* Shall be th' legitimate — I grow, I prosper ; Now, Gods, stand up for bastards !

KING LEAR.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to night! subscrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone

Upon the gad! — **Edmund**, how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it? the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar.* —

Hum — Conspiracy! — sleep, till I wake him — you should enjoy half his revenue — My son **Edgar**! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you; who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear,

it

KING LEAR.

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it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his Father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him——Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self scourg'd by the frequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in Palaces,

treas

treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully ——— and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat! ——— he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me ———

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy your self with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg.

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink your self, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fildy bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [Exit,

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easie: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit,

S C E N E, *the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question.
If

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-rul'd : Idle old Man,
 That still would manage those Authorities,
 That he hath giv'n away ! — Now, by my Life,
 Old Fools are Babes again ; and must be used
 With Checks, like Flatt'ers when they're seen t'abuse us
 Remember, what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gow. And let his Knights have colder looks among
 you : what grows of it, no matter ; advise your fel-
 lows so : I'll write strait to my sister to hold my
 course : prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 And can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 May carry thro' it self to that full issue,
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready :
 How now, what art thou ? [*To Kent.*]

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? what would'st thou
 with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to
 serve him truly, that will put me in trust ; to love him
 that is honest ; to converse with him that is wise and
 says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight when I cannot
 chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as
 the King.

Lear. If thou bee'st as poor for a subject, as he is for
 a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear.

KING LEAR.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner—where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you——

Lear. What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho?——I think, the world's asleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which

I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave!— you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wisdom? so. —

[Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[Giving his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why? my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. ———

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfeed lawyer; you gave me nothing for't; can you make 'no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pry'thee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [To Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool! ———

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No lad, teach me. [Land,

Fool. That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy
Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me

me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to my self, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou clovest thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year, [Singing.

For wisemen are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung;

That such a King should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. If you lye, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Ye so smooth, I will hold my tongue;

tongue; [To Gonerill.] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod!

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T'have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which else were shame,) that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
*The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;*
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

[dom,

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the cart draws
the horse? whoop, *Fug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied — Ha! waking — 'tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.

You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
 Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
 That this our Court, infected with their manners,
 Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
 Than a grac'd palace. Shame it self doth speak
 For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
 Of fifty to disquantity your train;
 And the remainders, that shall still depend,
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together. ———
 Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany. [come?

Lear. Woe! that too late repents — O, Sir, are you
 Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses. ———
 [To Alb.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know;
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their names. O most small fault!
 How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew!
 Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
 From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
 And thy dear judgment out. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant,
 Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord —
 Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a Father!
 Suspend

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful :
 Into her womb convey sterility,
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A Babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks :
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child. — Go, go, my People.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it:

But let his disposition have that scope,
 That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight? —

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I tell thee--- life and death! I am agham'd,
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

[To *Gon.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them, — blasts and fogs upon
 thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever.

[*Ex. Lear and attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,
 To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oswald*, ho!

You,

You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool

A Fox, when one has caught her, [with thee:

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter,

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel, — a hundred

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep [Knights!

A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dosage with their pow'rs,

And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; —

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,

When I have shew'd th' unfitness —

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oswald*?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;

Inform her full of my particular fears,

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. So get you gone,

And hasten your return.

[*Exit Steward.*

——— No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours,

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more at task for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well, th' event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, a Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter.

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in dang'r of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy..

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'st tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'st thou tell, why one's nose stands i'th middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy

Lear. I did her wrong ——— into.

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! — monster ingratitide!

B

Fool.

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. 'Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my destiny, shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.*

Enter Edmund and Curan severally.

Edm. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[Exit.]

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! the better! best! This weaves it self perforce into my business; My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queazy question Which I must act: briefness, and fortune work! Brother, a word; descend; Brother, I say; ———

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night —
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Advise your self.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me —
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you —
Draw, seem to defend your self.
Now quit you well —
Yield — come before my father — light ho, here! —
Fly, brother — Torches! — so farewell — [*Exit Edg.*
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Sop, stop, no help? —

To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out;
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the moon
To stand 's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what —

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body; lanc'd my arm;
And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught
And found; dispatch — the noble Duke my master,
My worthy and arch patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the stake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard! do'st thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I should deny,—
(As this I would, although thou didst produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it. *[Trumpets within.]*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd, villain!
Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.—
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes—
All Ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender; how does my lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

Reg.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I knew not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it self, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep Trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night;
Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice. —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you; you whorson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbado your shanks — draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help. ho! murther! help! —

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help! ho! murther! murther! —

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part —

Kent.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard —

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail! —

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but Anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intricate to unloose: sooth every passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,

Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. [hers.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A sawcy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, —
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus*' front —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he,
that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave;
which for my part I will not be, though I should win
your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.

You

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you ———

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King ;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ;
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon ! 'till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self same nature
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so ;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't ; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs ———

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travel'd
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle : [hard ;
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels ;
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common Saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course. I shall find time
From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE changes to a part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I've heard my self proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve my self: and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and president
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood*! poor *Tom*! —
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E *changes, again, to the Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.*

Enter Lear, Fool and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
And not send back my messenger. [home,

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd
by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by
th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-lusty
at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say Yea,

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

[ther,

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than mur-

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us?

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation;
Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend.

The

The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks;
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine;
 (Being the very fellow, which of late
 Display'd so sawcily against your Highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
 He rais'd the House with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers. [way.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
 Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from
 Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!
Hysterica passio, — down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here.

[Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
 or what you speak of?

Kent. None;

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'th' stocks for that
 question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee
 there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All, that follow their
 noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's
 not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
 ing — let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down
 hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the
 great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after.
 When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me
 mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it,
 since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves for gain,
 And follows but for form,

Will

Will pack when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the Storm:
 But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' Stocks, fool.

Enter Lear and Glo'ster.

[weary,

Lear. Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're
 They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,
 The images of revolt and flying off.
 Bring me a better answer —

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
 How unremoveable, and fix'd he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —
 Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,
 I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

[father

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear
 Wou'd with his daughter speak; commands her service:
 Are they inform'd of this? — my breath and blood! —
 Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that —
 No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
 Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound; we're not our selves,
 When Nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
 And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit [fore
 For the sound man. — Death on my state! but where
 Should he sit here? this Act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the Duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth;
 Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:
 Now, presently, — bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
 'Till is cry, sleep to death.

Glo.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i'th' Pasty alive; she rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so; if thou wert not glad, I would divorce me from thy Mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. O, are you free? [*To Kent.* Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*, Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

With how deprav'd a quality — oh *Regan*! —

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation. If, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers; 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholsom end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you your self: therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark, how this becomes the Use?
Dear Daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

That

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan*:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd blank upon me; struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness! ———

Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courtesie, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Cor. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easie-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my servant? *Regan*, I've good hope,
Thou didst not know on't ——— Who comes here?
O Heav'ns, If

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Hallow obedience, if your selves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part.
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th'hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — how came my man i'th' Stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, against the enmity o'th' air,
Necessity's sharp pinch ——— Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot; ——— Return with her?
Perfwade me rather to be slave, and sumpter,
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child, Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.

Mend,

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome? give ear to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so ———
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to
slack ye,
We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all ———

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depositaries:
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-fa-
vour'd,

When others are more wicked: Not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear.

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous ;
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beasts. Thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm ; but for true need,
 You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need !
 You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you, that stir these daughters hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger ;
 O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's Cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—— I will do such things,
 What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth : you think, I'll weep :
 No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping :
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gen. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly ;
 But not one follower.

Gen. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Glo'ster ?

[*Enter Glo'ster.*

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth ;—— he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not
 whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gen. My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on : and the high winds
 Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters: shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desp'rate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o'th' storm. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E, *A Heath.*

*A storm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter
Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.*

Kent. **W**H O's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather,
most unquietly.

Kent. I know you, where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair,
(Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)
Strives in his little World of Man t' outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry; unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to *France* the spies and speculations

Intelligent

Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes;
 Or the hard rein, which both of them have born
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 (Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings —)
 But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret sea
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner — Now to you,
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemoaning sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance of you,
 Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As, fear not, but you shall) shew her that Ring,
 And she will tell you who this fellow is,
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet!
 That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
 That way, I this:) he that first lights on him,
 Hollow the other. [Exeunt severally.]

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ingrateful man.

Fool.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in- and ask thy daughters blessing: here's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain; Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters; I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children; You owe me no subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand your slave; A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man! But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters joyn'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece: The codpiece that will house, before the head has any: The head and he shall lowse; so beggars marry many. That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make, Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake. For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a codpiece, that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night, Love not such nights as these: the wrathful Skies Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark, And make them keep their caves: since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipt

Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand:
 Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue,
 That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,
 That under covert and convenient seeming,
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 The'e dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
 Which even but now demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in) return and force
 Their scantied courtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
 I'm cold my self. Where is the straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
 Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tynie wit,
 With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [Exit.]

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
 I'll speak a prophecy, or ere I go;
 When priests are more in words than matter,
 When brewers marr their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors tutors;
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches suitors;
 When every case in law is right,
 No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
 When slanders do not live in tongues,
 And cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i'th' field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build:
 Then shall the realm of *Albion*
 Come to great confusion:

Then

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That Going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before
his time. [Exit.

SCENE, *An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

Enter Glo'ster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my closet:) these injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd, if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesie, forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to a part of the Heath with a hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter;
The tyranny o'th' open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
 Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee; [storm
 But where the greater malady is fixt,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst skun a bear,
 But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's free,
 The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all Feeling else,
 Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;
 No, I will weep no more—In such a night,
 To shut me out?—pour on, I will endure:
 In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that.——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thy self; seek thine own ease,
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in,
 In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty——
 Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep——
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
 From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! take physick, pomp;
 Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the Heav'n's more just. [Tom.

Edg. within. Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help
 me, help me. [The Fool runs out from the hovel.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there i'th'
 draw? come forth.

Enter Edgar disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the
 sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to
 thy bed and warm thee. *Lear.*

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor, — bless thy five wits; *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de; — bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking; do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [Storm still.]

Lear. What have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er mens faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir. [ture

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd na-
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul Fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the

contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and despise the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says saum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seffey*: let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his cloaths.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

St. Withold footed thrice the Wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter Glo'ster with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that

that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages,
eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and
the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing
pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-
punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to
his back, six shirts to his body;

*Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkness is a gentleman, *Modo*
he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your Daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First, let me talk with this Philosopher; —
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His Wits begin r'unfettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [Storm still.

His Daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent*!

He said, it would be thus; poor banish'd man! —

Thou say'st, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend

I'm almost mad my self; I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. *Tom's a-cold.*

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a *British* man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? this is the letter, which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehension.

Edm.

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Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — [*aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber in a Farm-house.

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

Glo. Here is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait. Come sit thou here, most learned justicer; Thou sapient Sir, sit here — now, ye she-foxes! —

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares. Wantest At tryal, Madam? [*thou eyes*]

Come o'er the Broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and she must not speak Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings.

herrings. Croak not black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? stand you not so amaz'd;
Will you lye down, and rest upon the Cushions?

Lear. I'll see their tryal first, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly. —————

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Thy Sheep be in the Corn;

And for one Blast of thy minikin Mouth,

Thy Sheep shall take no Harm.

Purre, the Cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here take
my Oath before this honourable Assembly, she kick'd
the poor King her Father.

Fech. Come hither, Mistress, is your name *Gonerill*?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt Looks pro-
claim

What store her Heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire, — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart; see, they bark at me —

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them; avaunt, you
Be thy mouth or black or white, [*curs!*

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache, or hym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: *Seffey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*—see what
breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that
makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one
of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your
garments. You will say, they are *Persian*; but let them
be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the cur-
So, so, we'll go to supper i'th' morning. [tains;

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King my
master?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up.

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Opprest Nature sleeps:

This Rest might yet have balm'd thy broken Senses,

Which, if Conveniency will not allow,

Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master;

Thou must not stay behind.

[To Fool.

Glo'st. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th' Mind;

Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind:

But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erstep,

When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowship.

How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
 When That, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
 He childed, as I father'd! — *Tom*, away;
 Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray,
 When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles thee,
 In thy just Proof repeats, and reconciles thee.
 What will, hap more to Night; safe scape the King!
 Lurk, Lurk. ————— [*Exit Edgar*,

SCENE changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband, shew him this letter; the army of *France* is landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you our sister company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister; farewell, my lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence; Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot Questtriffts after him met him at gate; Who with some other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Edm.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell: ————— go seek the traitor *Glo'ster*;

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
 Though well we may not pass upon his life
 Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r
 Shall do a court'sie to our wrath, which men

May

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May blame, but not controul.

Enter Glo'ner, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms. [sides]

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, con-
You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [They bind him]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt
find —

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done:
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin;

Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your Host;

With robber's hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what Letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors;
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatick King? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning —

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril —

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? let him first answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
 And quench'd the stelled fires:
 Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou should'st have said, "good porter, turn the key;
 All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
 The winged vengeance overtake such Children."

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
 Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

[Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.]

Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
 Give me some help. ——— O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance ———

Ser. Hold your hand, my lord:

I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;
 But better service have I never done you,
 Than now to bid you hold,

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
 I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?
[Kills him.]

Ser. Oh; I am slain ——— my lord, you have one
 eye left

To see some mischief on him. Oh ——— *[Dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
 Where is thy lustre now? *[Treads out the other eye.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless — where's my son
 Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
 To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he,
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us:

Wh

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Gloucester.*]

How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady, —

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghill. — *Regan*, I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*]

1st. Serv. I'll never care what Wickedness I do,
If this Man come to Good.

2d. Serv. If She live long,
And, in the End, meet the old course of Death,
Women will all turn Monsters.

1st. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish Madness
Allows itself to any Thing. [Eggs]

2d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some Flax and whites of
T'apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE E, An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the *worst*,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?

My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange Mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
And your Father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw, Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. ——— O dear son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst?
I'm worse, than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg:
I th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since,
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring it self and others. ——— Bless thee, master?

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo.

Glo. Get thee away : if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some Covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir he is mad. [blind:]

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom's* a-cold ; — I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must ;
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to *Dover* ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path :
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless
thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends
have been in poor *Tom* at once ; of Lust as *Obidicut* ;
Hobbididen, Prince of dumbness ; *Mahu*, of stealing ;
Mobu, of murder ; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and
mowing ; who since possesses chamber-maids and wait-
ing women. [plagues,

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier : heavens deal so still !

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly :
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover* ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg.

Edg. Give me thy arm,
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord. I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way. [band

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Gloster's* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A Mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear *Gloster*! [Exit Edmund]
Oh, the strange difference of man and man!
To thee a Woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle,

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition :
That Nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in it self ;
She that her self will fliver and dis-branch,
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile ;
Filths favour but themselves — What have you done ?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded,
Cou'd my good Brother suffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him so beneficed ?
If that the heav'n's do not their visible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on it self,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum ?
France spreads his Banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,

“ Alack ! why does he so ? — ”

Alb. See thy self, devil :

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend :
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou chang'd, and self-converted thing ! For
shame,

Re-monster not thy feature. Wer't my fitness
To let these hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy

Thy flesh and bones. — Howe'er thou art a friend
A woman's shape doth shield thee —

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Oh, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ster*.

Alb. *Glo'ster's* eyes!

Mes. A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword
To his great master: who, thereat inrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster*!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mes. No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Glo'ster*, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'st.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE,

KING LEAR.

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SCENE, Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. The King of *France* so suddenly gone back?
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his Return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marechal of *France*, Monsieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a Queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her. —

Gent. But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once:—her Smiles and Tears
Were like a wetter *May*. Those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her Eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. — In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question? [*Father*

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the Name of
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters!—Shame of Ladies! sisters!

Kent! Father! Sisters! what? i'th' storm? i'th' night?

Let Pity ne'er believe it!—there she shook

The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;

And, Clamour-motion'd, then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the Stars,

The Stars above us, govern our conditions:

Else one self-mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. Spoke you with her since?

Gent.

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor distressed *Lear*'s in town;
Who sometimes, in his better tune remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sov'reign shame so bows him; his unkindness,
That stript her from his Benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; These things sting him
So venomously, that burning shame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman! [not?]

Kent. Of *Albany*'s, and *Cornwall*'s Pow'rs you heard

Gent. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in Concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the next sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn, Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There are means, Madam:
Our foster nurse of nature, is repose;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor.

KING LEAR.

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Cor. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam:
The *British* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great *France*
My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *Regan's Palace.*

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brother's Powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, *Glo'ster's* eyes being out,
To let him live, where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: moreover to descry
The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to morrow: stay with us.
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something——I know not what——I'll love thee much——

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband: I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here, She gave strange œliads, and most speaking looks To noble *Edmund*. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are: I know't; Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewell,
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should fiew.
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, the Country, near Dover.

Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar as a Peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better spoken.

Edg.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place — stand still,
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fisher men, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce; and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life it self
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past. — Alive or dead?
Hoe, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!

Thus

Thus might he pass, indeed ——— yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but Goss'mer, feathers, [air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn?
Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end it self by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.

Up, so——how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it self,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend——he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, dress'd madly with flowers.

But who comes here?

The

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning: I
am the King himself.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a
mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will
do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant.
Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown Barb! i'th'
clout, i'th' clout: hewgh.—— Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill*! hah! *Regan*! they flatter'd me
like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard,
ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to
every thing that I said—Ay, and no too, was no good
divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the
wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not
peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt
'em out: Go to, they are not men o' their words; they
told me, I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-
proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no, the
wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does lecher in
my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster's* bastard-
son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got
'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I
lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering Dame, whose face
'tween her forks presages snow; that minces vir-
tue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name.
The fitchew, nor the soyled horse goes to't with a more
riotous appetite: down from the waist they are cen-
taurs, tho' women all above: but to the girdle do the
Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell,
there's

there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world shall so wear out to naught. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough! dost thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal-beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,

For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em;
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou do'st not. [der, so.]

Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, har-

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark —
Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great Stage of fools. — This a good block! —
 It were a delicate stratagem to shooe
 A troop of horse with Felt; I'll put't in proof;
 And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, 'with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
 Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue? what, a prisoner? I am even
 The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
 You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
 I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all my self?

Why this would make a man, a man of salt;
 To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
 And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
 Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
 Come, come, I am a King. My Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
 You shall get it by running: sa, sa, sa, sa. [Exit.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
 Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,
 Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your Will ?

Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,

How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot : the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir : That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [Exit.]

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows ;
Who by the Art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Heartly thanks ;
The bounty and the benison of heav'n
To boot, and boot ! ———

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh ;
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy self remember : the sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor ? hence ;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Sir, without further cession.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night.
Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye,
or ice try whether your costard or my bat be the har-
der; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter
vor your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.]

Stew. Slave thou hast slain me: villain, take my purse;
If ever thou will thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ster: seek him out
Upon the English party, Oh, untimely death! —

[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us see —
By your leave, gentle wax — and manners blame us
not:

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many
opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time
and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done,
if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and
his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof de-
liver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate
Servant, Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murtherous lechers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
[*Drum afar off.*

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy Goodness? life will be too short,
And ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so,
My lord. — How does the King? [*To the Physician.*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O ye kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor.

KING LEAR

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Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
Pth' sway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by servants.

Physf. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! Restauration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted Thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick, cross Lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,
With this thin Helm? — My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, thou'd have stood That Night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Physf. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide —

Physf. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see,
I feel this pin prick: would, I were assur'd
Of my condition.

KING LEAR.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me;
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am; I am. ————— [not.]

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you, weep
If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France*?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great Rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: — and, yet, 'twere Danger
To make him even o'er the Time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish. [Exit Lear, Cord,

Phys. and Attendants.

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of *Glo'ster*.

Gent.

Gent. They say, *Edgar*, his banisht Son, is with the
Earl of *Kent* in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable; 'Tis time to look about:
the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrament is like to be bloody. —
Fare you well, Sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Kent. My Point and Period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought.
[Exit *Kent.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *A Camp.*

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. **K**NOW of the Duke, if his last purpose held,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught,
To change the course? he's full of Alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sist'r's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodnes I intend upon you:

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; she, and the Duke her husband —

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the Battle, than that Sister
Should loosen him and Me. — [Aside:

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met:
Sir, this hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this business,

It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose,) ———

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'Antient of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you: ——— speak.

[*Exeunt* *Edm.* *Reg.* *Gon.* and *Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay, 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter *Edmund.*

Edm. The Enemy's in view; draw up your Powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both

Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive: to take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonerill;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battel; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

SCENE, another open Field.

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good Host; pray, that the right may thrive:
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.]

[*Alarum, and retreat, within.*]

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
 King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
 Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again? men must endure
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
 Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.]

Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
 Until their greater pleasures first be known,
 That are to censure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
 Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
 For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;

D;

My

My self could else out-frown false fortune's frown;
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing, like birds i'th' cage:
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee Forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of Great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such Sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The good-jers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starv'd first.
Come. [*Ex. Lear and Cordelia guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a sword; My great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.
Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*]

Eldurist. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,

As.

As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side;
And turn our impress launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your Session. At this time,
We sweat and bleed; the Friend hath lost his Friend;
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst
By those that feel their Sharpness. ———
The Question of *Cordelia*, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded;
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Pow'rs;
Bore the Commission of my Place and Person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call it self your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my Right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the World, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The Lett alone lies not in your good Will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy Arrest,
This gilded Serpent: for your Claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude! ———

Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster*; let the trumpet sound;
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my Pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick! ———

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.]

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[Exit Reg. led.]

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Herald

Herald reads.

If any man of Quality, or Degree within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.]

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears,
Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet I am noble, as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:—
Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th' extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm.

Edm. In Wisdom I should ask thy name;
 But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes;
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak,

[*Alarum. Fight.*]

Gon. O, save him, save him; This is Practice,
Glo'ster:

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
 Or with this paper I shall stop it;
 Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:
 No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
 Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know—— [Exit *Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, That I have done,
 And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
 'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
 I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:

I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
 If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.
 My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.
 The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us:
 The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
 Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,
 The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb.

Alb. Methought thy very gate did prophesie
A royal Nobleness; I must embrace thee : —
Let Sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your self?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! —
The bloody Proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; t' assume a Semblance,
The very Dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd my self unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on,
You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. — This would have seem'd a Period;
To such as love not Sorrow : but Another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top Extremity!
Whilst I was big in Clamour, there came a Man,
Who having seen me in my worser State,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd Society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong Arms
He fasten'd on my Neck; and bellow'd out,

As

As he'd burst Heaven; threw him on my Father;
Told the most piteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever Ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His Grief grew puissant, and the Strings of Life
Began to crack.——Twice then the Trumpets sounded,
And there I left him traunc'd.——

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. *Kent*, Sir; the banish'd *Kent*, who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service
Improper for a Slave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife? [heart

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; it came even from the
Of —— O! she's dead. ——

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This Judgement of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——O! is this He?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
See'st thou this Object, *Kent*?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew her self.

Alb. Even so; cover their faces.

Edm.

KING LEAR.

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Edm. I pant for life; some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the Castle; for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run —

Edg. To whom, my lord? who has the office?
Send thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the Captain —

Edg. Haste thee for life. [Exit Messenger.]

Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.

[Edmund is born off.]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O you are men
of stone,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack: she's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her Breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd End?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

[Kneeling.]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away —

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! —

What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I've

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' best. --- I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same; your servant *Kent*;
Where is your servant *Caius*?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'd strike, and quickly too: — he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man, —

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps —

Lear. You're welcome hither. [dead:]

Kent. Nor no man else; — all's cheerless, dark, and
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Edmund* is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What Comfort to this great Decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,

To him our absolute power: to you, your Rights,
[To *Edgar*.]

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings: O see, see —

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never —
Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir;

Do

KING LEAR.

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Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there —

[*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints; my lord, —

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

[*him;*]

Kent. Vex not his Ghost: O let him pass! he hates
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer,

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
Is general woe: friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

[*Dies.*]

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath born most; we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*]

F I N I S.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, with his Accomplices, have printed and publish'd several of *Shakespear's* Plays; and to screen their innumerable Errors, advertise, That they are Printed as they are acted, and Industriouslly report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of Myself, That no Person ever had, directly or indirectly from me, any such Copy or Copies; neither wou'd I be accessary on any Account, in Imposing on the Publick such Useless, Pirated, and Maim'd Editions, as are publish'd by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.







P. Fourdrinier sculp.

1. 7. p. 3.

A N T O N Y

A N D

CLEOPATRA.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and Sold by the Book sellers of
London and Westminster. M,DCC,XXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Eadbarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thidias,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmain,

Iras,

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

Antony





Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.



AY, but this Dotage of our General
O'erflows the Measure; those his good-
ly Eyes,
That o'er the Files and Musters of the
War,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now
bend, now turn

The Office and Devotion of their View
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the Scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his Breast, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lust. Look where they come!

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good Note, and you shall see him,
The triple Pillar of the World, transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

A 2

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. There's beggary in the Love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heav'n, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay hear them *Antony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cesar* have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your Dismission
Is come from *Cesar*, therefore hear it *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cesar*'s, I would say both?
Call in the Messengers; as I am *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest *Antony*, and that Blood of thine
Is *Cesar*'s Homager: Else so thy Cheeks pay Shame,
When shrill'd tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my Space,
Kingdoms are Clay; our duncy Earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleness of Life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On Pain of Punishment, the World to weet
We stand up Peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falshood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll seem the Fool I am not. *Antony* will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*,

Now for the Love of Love, and his soft Hours,
Let's not confound the Time with Conference harsh;
There's not a Minute of our Lives should stretch
Without some Pleasure now: What sport to Night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every Passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last Night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I am full sorry that he approves the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope of
better Deeds to Morrow. Rest you happy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Soothsayer.*

Char. L. Alexas, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that
you prais'd to the Queen? Oh! that I knew this Hus-
band, which you say, must change his Horns with Gar-
lands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your Will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in Flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

6 Antony and Cleopatra.

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent Fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no Names; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your Wishes had a Womb, And foretel every Wish, a Million.

Char. Our Fool I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your Sheets are privy to your Wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to Night, shall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm presages Chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth Famine.

Iras. Go you, wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how — give me Particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an Inch of Fortune better than she?

Char. Well if you were but an Inch of Fortune better than I; where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's Nose.

Char. Our worser Thoughts Heavens mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow

Antony and Cleopatra.

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follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a Matter of more Weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee.

Char. Amen. Dear Goddess, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome Man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave uncuckolded; therefore dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Iras. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to Mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman Thought had struck him. *Enobarbus.*

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Mes. Fulvia thy Wife, first came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that War had end, and the times state
Made Friends of them, jointing their Force 'gainst *Caesar*,
Whose better Issue in the War of *Italy*,
Upon the first Encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in the Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus, this is stiff News,

Hath, with his *Parthian* Force, extended *Asia*;
 From *Euphrates* his conquering
 Banner shook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
 And to *Ionia*, whilst —

Ant. Antony thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh, my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Tongue,
 Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.
 Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s Praise, and taunt my Faults
 With such full Licence, as both Truth and Malice
 Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds,
 When our quick Winds lye still, and our Ills told us
 Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble Pleasure.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the News? Speak there.

Mes. The Man from *Scicion*, is there such an one?

Attend. He stays upon your Will.

Ant. Let him appear;
 These strong *Ægyptian* Fetters I must break,
 Or lose my self in Dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In *Scicion*, her length of Sickness
 With what else more serious,
 Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it.
 What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
 We wish it ours again; the present Pleasure,
 By Revolution lowring, does become
 The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
 The Hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
 I must from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
 Ten thousand Harms, more than the Ills I know
 My Idleness doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
 mortal

mortal an Unkindness is to them, if they suffer our Departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let Women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment; I do think there is Mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a Celerity in Dying.

Ant. She is cunning past Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempests than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a Show'r of Rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been blest'd withal, would have discredited your Travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it shews to Man the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: This Grief is crowned with Consolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that should water this Sorrow.

Ant. The Business she hath broach'd here in the State, Cannot endure my Absence.

Eno. And the Business you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your Abode.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. No more like Answers: Let our Officers
 Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
 The cause of our Expedience to the Queen,
 And get her Love to part. For not alone
 The Death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent Touches
 Do strongly speak to us, but the Letters too
 Of many contriving Friends in *Rome*,
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cesar* and commands
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry People,
 Whose Love's never link'd to the Deserver,
 Till his Deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities,
 Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r,
 Higher than both in Blood and Life, stand up
 For the main Soldier; Whose Quality going on,
 The sides o'th World may danger. Much is breeding.
 Which like the Courser's Hair, hath yet but Life,
 And not a Serpent's Poision. Say our Pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, require,
 Our quick Remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexis, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's:
 I did not send you. If you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing: If in Mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method, to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a Fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not, so, too far. I wish, forbear,
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I am sick and fullen.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

II

Ant. I am sorry to give Breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the Sides of Nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What is the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same Eye there's some good News.
What says the marry'd Woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come;
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed; yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? Riotous Madnes!
To be entangled with these Mouth-made Vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for Words: No going then.
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliss in our Brows bent, none our Parts so poor,
But was a Race of Heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soldier of the World,
Art turn'd the greatest Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy Inches, thou should'st know
There were a Heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong Necessity of Time, commands
Our Services awhile; but my full Heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his Approaches to the Port of *Rome*.

Equality of two Domestick Pow'rs,
 Breed scrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
 Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
 Into the Hearts of such, as have not thriv'n
 Upon the present State, whose Numbers threaten,
 And Quietness grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate Change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* Death.

Cleo. Tho' Age from Folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from Childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy Sovereign leisure read
 The Garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
 See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false Love!

Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful Water? Now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvia's* Death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The Purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give th' Advice. By the Fire
 That quickens *Nilus'* Smile, I go from hence
 Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
 But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
 So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
 And give true Evidence to his Love, which stands
 An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I prithee turn aside, and weep for her,
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the Tears
 Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
 Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
 Like perfect Honour.

Ant. You'll heat my Blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Ant. Now by my Sword —

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look prithee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one Word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it.
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it.
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your Subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To bear such Idleness so near the Heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honour calls you hence
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooth Success
Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our Separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural Voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of Night in Revels; Is not more Manly
Than

Than *Cleopatra*? nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
 More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
 Shall find there a Man, who is th' Abstract of all Faults;
 That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness;
 His Faults in him seem as the Spots of Heav'n,
 More fiery by Night's Blackness, Hereditary,
 Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
 Amiss to tumble on the Bed of *Ptolomy*,
 To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit
 And keep the Turn of Tipling with a Slave,
 To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet
 With Knaves that smell of Sweat; say this becomes him,
 As his Composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
 No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear
 So great Weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd
 His Vacaney with his Voluptuousness;
 Full Surfeits and the Driness of his Bones,
 Callon him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his Sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge,
 Pawn their Experience to their present Pleasure,
 And so rebel to Judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News.

Mes. Thy Biddings have been done, and every Hour,
 Most noble *Casar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Casar*: to the Ports
 The Discontents repair, and Mens Reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no less;
 It hath been taught us from the primal State,

That

That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth Love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide
To rot it self with Motion.

Mef. Caesar, I bring thee Word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
Make the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot Inrodes
They make in *Italy* the Borders Maritime
Black Blood to think on't, and flesh Youth to revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: For *Pompey's* Name strikes more
Than could his War resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leavethy lascivious Vassals. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy Heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with Patience more
Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beast would cough at. Thy Pallat then did dain
The roughest Berry on the rudest Hedge,
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The Barks of Trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didst eat strange Flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine Honour that I speak it now,
Was born so like a Soldier, that thy Cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his Shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*: 'tis time we twain
Did shew ourselves i'th' Field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate Council, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To-morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,

Both

Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which Encounter, it is my Business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad. I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be Partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha — give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of Time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. 'O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch, *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highness' Pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no Pleasure
In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unseminaried, thy freer Thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy Horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arm
And Burgonet of Man. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
For so he calls me; now I feed my self
With most delicious Poison, Think on me
That am with *Phæbus* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the Ground, I was
A morsel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and die
With looking on his Life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd the last of many doubled Kisses,
This orient Pearl, His Speech sticks in my Heart.

Cleo. Mine Ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friends, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
This treasure of an Oyster; at whose Foot,
To mend the petty Present, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Sreed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' Year, between the Extreame
Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided Disposition; note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the Man; but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their Looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his Remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his Joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly Mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The Violence of either thee becomes,

So

So do's it no Man else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several Messengers,
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that Day,
When I forgot to send to *Antony*,
Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Caesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Save the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give the bloody Teeth,
If thou with *Caesar* paragon again,
My Man of Men.

Char. By your most gracious Pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad Days,
When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood
To say, as I said then. But come, away.
Get me Ink and Paper,
He shall have every Day several Greetings, or I'll unpeo-
ple *Ægypt*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE in Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. **I**F the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The Deeds of justest Men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That which they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own Harms, which the wise Powers

Deny

Deny us for our good ; so find we Profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :

The People love me, and the Sea is mine ;
My Powers are Crescent, and my arguing Hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* sits at Dinner, and will make
No Wars without Doors. *Cæsar* gets Mony where
He loses Hearts ; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the Field,
A mighty Strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony* : But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lip,
Let Witchcraft join with Beauty ; Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming ; Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless Sawce his Appetite ;
That Sleep and Feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a lethied Dulness——

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius* ?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver :

Mark Antony is every Hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther Travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better Ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter wou'd have donn'd his Helm
For such a pretty War ; his Soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the Lap of *Ægypt*'s Widow pluck
The near Lust-weari'd *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,

Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together :

His

His Wife's that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained Cause enough
To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their Divisions, and bind up
The petty Difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest Hands.
Come, *Menas*. [Exit.

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Enobardus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle Speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar's* Head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*
Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* Beard,
I would not shave't to Day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching.

Eno. Every time serves for the Matter that is then born
in't.

Lep. But small to greater Matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your Speech is Passion; but pray you stir
No Embers up. Here comes the noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

- *Eno.* And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia* —
Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep.

Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner Action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial Difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest Points with sweetest Terms,
Nor Curstness grow to th' Matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cas. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cas. I must be laught at.
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' World. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your Name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Casar*, what was't to you?

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd?

Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at my intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made Wars upon me, and their Contestation
Was Theme for you, you were the Word of War.

Ant. You do mistake your Business, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true Reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my Authority with yours,

And

And make the Wars alike against my Stomach,
 Having alike your Cause? Of this my Letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you patch a quarrel,
 As matter whole you've not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your self, by laying Defects of Judgment
 to me: but you patch up your Excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
 Very Necessity of this thought, that I
 Your Partner in the Cause 'gainst which he fought;
 Could not with graceful Eyes attend those Wars
 Which fronted mine own Peace. As for my Wife,
 I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
 The third o'th' the World is yours, which with a Snaffle,
 You may Pace easie, but not such a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all such Wives, that the Men might
 go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles *Cæsar*
 Made out of her Impatience, which not wanted
 Shrewdness of Policy too, I grieving grant,
 Did you too much Disquiet, for that you must
 But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in *Alexandria* you
 Did pocket up my Letters; and with Taunts
 Did beg my Missive out of Audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i'th' Morning: but next Day
 I told him of my self, which was as much
 As to have askt him Pardon. Let this Fellow
 Be nothing of our Strife: If we contend
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
 The Article of your Oath, which you shall never
 Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak,
 The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

Supposing that I lackt it : But, on *Caesar*,
The Article of my Oath.

Cas. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather :

And then when Poisoned Hours had bound me up
From mine own Knowledge ; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent with you. But mine Honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness, nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Wars here,
For which my self, the ignorant Motive, do
So far ask Pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a Case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The Grievs between ye. To forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need,
Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the in-
stant, you may when you hear no more Words of *Pompey*
return it again : You shall have time to wrangle in, when
you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That Truth shall be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Prefence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then : Your considerate Stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his Speech : For't cannot be,
We shall remain in Friendship, our Conditions
So differing in their Acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O'th' World, I would pursue it.

Arg. Give me Leave *Caesar*.

Cas. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Arg. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's Side,
Admir'd *Octavia* ! Great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cas. Say not so, *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your Proof were well deserved of Rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cesar*; let me hear *Agrippa* further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts
With an unslipping Knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of Men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this Marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great Fears, which now import their Dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be Tales,
Where now half Tales be Truths: Her Love to both
Would each to other, and all Loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present Thought,
By Duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cesar* speak?

Cas. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoken already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so;
To make this good?

Cas. The Power of *Cesar*,
And his Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good Purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of Impediment; let me have thy Hand
Further this Act of Grace: And from this Hour,
The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And sway our great Designs.

Cas. There's my Hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*.
For

Antony and Cleopatra. 25

For he hath laid strange Courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my Remembrance suffer ill Report;
At heel of that defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cas. About the Mount-*Misenum*.

Ant. What is his Strength by Land?

Cas. Great, and increasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the Frame,
Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Arms, dispatch we
The Business we have talk'd of.

Cas. With most gladness.
And do invite you to my Sister's View,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your Company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not Sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manant Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the Heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My
Honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that Matters are so
well digested: You stay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did sleep day out of Countenance,
and made the Night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wild boars roasted whole at a Breakfast:
And but twelve Persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but a Fly by an Eagle: We had
much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if Report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up
his Heart upon the River *Cydus*.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed: Or my Reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;

The Barge she sat in, like a Burnish'd Throne
Burnt on the Water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-sick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The Water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own Person,
It beggar'd all Description; she did lie
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd Fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mer-maids tended her i'th' Eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Mer-maid steers; the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft Hands,
That yearly frame the Office. From the Barge
A strange invisible Perfume hits the Sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' Air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And make a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Egyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: She replied,
It should be better, he became her Guest;
Which she intreated. Our Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feast:

And

Antony and Cleopatra. 27

And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart,
For what his Eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to Bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publick Street.
And having lost her Breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make Defect, Perfection,
And breathless Power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor Custom steal
Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy
The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle
The Heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make you self my Guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will sometimes
Divide me from your Bosom.

Octa. All which time,

Before the Gods my Knee shall bow in Prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good Night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my Blemishes in the World's Report:
I have not kept my Square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good Night, Sir.

Cæs. Good Night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now Sirrah! do you wish your self in *Egypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your Reason?

Sooth. I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; But yet hie you to *Aegypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose Fortune shall rise higher, *Cesar's* or mine? [*Side.*]

Sooth. *Cesar's*. Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his Thy *Damon*, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, Couragious, High, Unmatchable, Where *Cesar's* is not. But near him thy Angel Becomes a Fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any Game Thou art sure to lose: And of that natural Luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lustre thickens, When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him: But he alway is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.* He shall to *Parthia*, be it art, or hap, He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our Sports my better cunning faints, Under his Chance; if we draw lots, he speeds; His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine, When it is all to naught: And his Quails ever Beat mine, in hoop'd at odds. I will to *Aegypt*; And though I make this Marriage for my Peace, I'th' East my Pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready: Follow me and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your self no farther: Pray you hasten Your Genera's after.

Ag. Sir, Mark *Antony*, will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep.

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Lep. Till I shall see you in your Soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, Farewel.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the Journey, be
At the Mount before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about,
You'll win two Days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick; Musick, moody food
Of us that trade in Love.

Omnes. The Musick, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My Arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me. Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam. (short.)

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, tho't come too
The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine Angle, we'll to th' River, there

My Musick playing far off I will betray

Tawny-fin Fishes, my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an *Antony*,

And say, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry; when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your Diver did hang a salt Fish on his Hook,
which he with fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — Oh times! —

I laugh him out of patience, and that Night

I laugh him into patience, and next Morn,

Ere the ninth Hour I drunk him to his Bed:

Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst

I wore his Sword *Philippian*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine Ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam! Madam!

Cleo. Antony's dead;

If thou say so, Villain, thou kill'st thy Mistress:
But well and free, if thou so yield him.

There is Gold, and here

My blewest Veins to kiss; a Hand that Kings
Have lipst, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, Madam, he is well.

[we use

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark,
To say the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering Throat.

Mess. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal Man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or Friends with Caesar, or not Captain to him,
I'll see thee in a shower of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest Man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater Friends than ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam ———

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon but yet,
But yet, is as Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prithce, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear,

The

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The good and bad together : he's Friends with *Caesar*,
In State of Health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam ! no : I made no such sport.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mef. For the best turn i'th' Bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence horrible Villain, or I'll spurn thine Eyes
Like Balls before me ; I'll unhair thy Head :

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyre, and stew'd in Brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the News, made not the Match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud : the Blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to Rage,
And I will boot thee with that Gift beside
Thy Modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mef. Nay then I'll run :

What mean you, Madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The Man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents 'scape not the Thunderbolt :
Melt *Egypt* into *Nile* ; and kindled Creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him ; Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These Hands do lack Nobility, that they strike
A meaner than my self : since I my self
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-Enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad News: give to a gracious Message
An Host of Tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my Duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say yes.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee, dost thou hold there

Mes. Should I lie, Madam? [still?]

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made
A Cistern for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy Face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a Knave of thee,
That art not what thou art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandises which thou hast brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:

Lye they upon thy Hand, and be undone by 'em.

[Exit. *Mes.*]

Char. Good your Highness patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* — 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the Feature of *Octavia*, her Years,
Her Inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go — let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Bring me word how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Coast of Italy, near Misenium.*

*Enter Pompey and Menas at one Door with Drum and
Trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hadst considered, let us know,
If 'twill tie up thy discontented Sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall Youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great World,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made thee all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one Man but a Man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my Navy. At whose burden,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' Ingratitude that despiteful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy Sails;
We'll speak with thee at Sea. At Land thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's House.

But since the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present now you talk
The Offers we have sent you ———

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow
To try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me Offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our Targets undinted.

Omnes. That's our Offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man
Prepar'd, to take this Offer. But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience; though I lose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your Hand;
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gain'd by't.

Cas. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my Face!
But in my Bosom she shall never come,
To make my Heart a Vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I crave our Composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw Lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the Lot :
But first or last, your fine *Egyptian* Cookery
Shall have the Fame. I have heard that *Julius Caesar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair Words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried ———

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Caesar* in a Matrice.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou, Soldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do; for I perceive
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy Hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy Behaviour.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
You and I have known, Sir. [Treaty]

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Etc.

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Eno. I will praise any Man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by Water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own Safety: You have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service; but give me your Hand. *Menas*, if your Eyes had Authority, here they might have two Thieves kissing. [are.

Men. All Mens Faces are true, whatsoe'er their Hands

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No slander, they Real Hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this Day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cesar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would not Prophecy so.

Men. I think the Policy of that Purpose, made more in the Marriage, than the Love of the Parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their Friendship together, will be the very estranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still Conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the Fire up in *Cesar*, and, as I said before, that which is the Strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. *Antony* will use his Affection where it is. He married but his Occasion here.

Men.

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Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard? I have a Health for you.

Eno. I shall take, if Sir: we have us'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pompey's Galley.

Musick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Ser. Here they'll be, Man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least Wind i'th' World will blow them down.

2 Ser. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink Alms drink:

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the Disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater War between him and his Discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fellowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no Service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where Eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the Cheeks.

Trumpets.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile By certain Scale, i'th' Pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if Dearth Or Foison follow. The higher Nile swells The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsman Upon the Slime and Ooze scatters his Grain, And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. You've strange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by

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by the Operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some Wine! a Health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Evo. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy's* Pyramids are very goodly things; without Contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a Word.

[Aside.

Pom. Say in my mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy Seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a Word,

Pom. For me 'till anon,

[Whispers in's Ear:

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own Organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too;

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the Tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this Description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from the Stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much Faith: what's else to say? Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These Quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men.

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Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole World? that's

Pom. How shall that be? [twice.

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor,
I am the Man will give thee all the World.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup:
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, full to their Throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ay, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis Villany,
In thee 'thad been good Service: thou must know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy Tongue,
Hath so betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This Health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore,
I'll pledge it for him; *Pompey*:

Eno. Here's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

[*idus*.

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, *Menas*: [Pointing to *Le*

Men. Why? [not?

Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! see't

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
that it might go on Wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feast.

Ant

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Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the Vessels ho.
Here's to *Cesar*.

Cas. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous Labour
when I wash my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather
fast from all, four Days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the
Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come let's all take Hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our Sense,
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take Hands:

Make battery to our Ears with the loud Musick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beat as loud,
As his strong Sides the volly.

Musick plays. Enobarbus places them Hand in Hand.

The S O N G.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyes,
In thy Fats our Cares be drown'd:
With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the World go round,
Cup us 'till the World go round.*

Cas. What would you more? *Pompey* good Night.
Good Brother

Let me request you off; our graver Business
Frowns at this Levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our Cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the Wind; and mine own Tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more Words, good Night.
Good *Antony*, your Hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the Shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your Hand.

Pom.

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Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's House.
But what, we're Friends? Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on Shoar.

No, to my Cabin — these Drums!

These Trumpets, Flutes! what!

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

[*Sound a Flourish with Drums.*]

Eno. Hoo says a! There's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead Body of Pacorus borne before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.

Ven. NOW darting *Parthia* art thou struck, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body
Before our Army; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilst yet with *Parthian* Blood thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy Head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough. A lower Place, note well,
May make too great an Aft. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our Deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.
Cesar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their Officer, than Person. *Sosius*,

One

One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
 For quick Accumulation of Renown,
 Which he atchiev'd by th' Minute, lost his Favour:
 Who does i'th' Wars more than his Captain can,
 Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
 The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choice of Loss
 Than Gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his Offence,
 Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
 A Soldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction:
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his Name,
 That magical word War, we have effected:
 How with his Banners, and his well paid Ranks,
 That ne'er-yet beaten Horse of *Parthia*
 We have jaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; whither with what
 haste

The weight we must convey with's, will permit,
 We shall appear before him. On there, pass along. [*Exs.*]

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one Door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
 The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
 To part from *Rome*: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
 Since *Pompey's* Feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
 With the Green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cesar*.

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*.

Eno. *Cesar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of Men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cesar*? Oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian Bird*!

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar*, go no further.

Agr.

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Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent Praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder ———

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so —
This is to Horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*, [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good Fortune, worthy Soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a Wife
As my Thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Bond
Shall pass on thy appof. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of Virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find.

Though you be certain curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the Hearts of *Romans* serve your Ends:
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy Spirits all of Comfort, fare thee well.

Oct. My noble Brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her Eyes, it is Love's Spring,
And these the Showers to bring it on; be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's House; and —

Cæs. What *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Heart, nor can
Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Down-feather,
That stands upon the Swell at full of Tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Caesar* weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse; so
is he being a Man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Caesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That Year indeed, he was troubled with a
Rheum,

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believ't 'till I weep too.

Cas. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go her thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my Strength of Love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cas. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewel, Farewel.

[Kisses *Octavia*.

Ant. Farewel.

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter *Cleopatra*, *Charmian*, *Iras*, and *Alexas*.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look
upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* Head, I'll have; but how? When
Antony is gone, through whom I might command it.

Come

Come thou near.

Mef. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the Face;
And saw her led between her Brother and

Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible. [sighs]

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of Tongue and Dwarf-
What Majesty is in her Gate? remember
If e'er thou look'st on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her Motion and her Station are as one:

She shews a Body, rather than a Life.

A Statue, than a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no Observance.

Char. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow has good Judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gness at her Years, I prithee:

Mef. Madam, she was a Widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty. [round?]

Cleo. Bear'st thou her Face in Mind? is't long or

Mef. Round even to Faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so;
Her Hair, what Colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her Forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former Sharpness ill,

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for Business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That I so harried him. Why methinks by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Ifis* else defend!
And serving you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char.*
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, Nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import; but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd
Or did it from his Teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both Parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I shall praying, oh bless my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and destroys the Prayer, no midway
Twixt these Extrems at all.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best Love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine Honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so Branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, Lady,
I'll raise the Preparation of a War
Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
So your Desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The Jove of Power make me most weak, most weak,
Your Reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the World should cleave, and that slain Men
Should sodder up the Rifs.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your Displeasure that way, for our Faults
Can never be so equal, that your Love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuse your own Company, and command what Cost
Your Heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made War upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old, what is the Success?

*Eros. Caesar having made use of him in the Wars
'gainst Pompey: Presently denied him Rivalty, would
not let him partake of the Glory of the Action, and
not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey. Upon his own Appeal seises him, so
the poor Third is up, 'till Death enlarge his Confine.*

*Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of Chaps no more,
and throw between them all the Food thou hast, they'll
grind the other. Where's Antony?*

*Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus; and spurns
The Rush that lies before him. Cries, Fool Lepidus,
And threats the Throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*: more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently; my News
I might have told hereafter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to *An-*

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I'th' Market-place on a Tribune silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the Feet sat
Cæsario whom they call my Father's Son,
And all the unlawful Issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stabliment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick Eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His Sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*.
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: She
In the Habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd and oft before gave Audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who queasie with his Insolence already,
Will their good Thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The People know it,
And have now receiv'd his Accusations.

Agr. Whom does he Accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His Part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate

Should

Should be depos'd, and being, that we detain
All his Revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cas. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone :
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Chance. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him Part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.

Oct. Hail *Caesar*, and my Lord ! hail, most dear *Caesar*.

Cas. That ever I should call thee Cast away.

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus ? yon came not
Like *Caesar's* Sister ; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of Horse, to tell of her Approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born Men, and Expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the Dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous Troops : But you are come
A Market-Maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our Love ; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd ; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented Greeting.

Oct. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free Will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal ; whereon I begg'd
His Pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord.

C

Cas.

Cas. I have Eyes upon him,
And his Affairs come to me on the Wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cas. No, my most wronged Sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' Earth for War. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphus* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cas. Welcome hither;
Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent Danger; cheer your Heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives,
O'er your Content; these strong Necessities,
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the Mark of Thought; and the high Gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of Comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each Heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his Abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That Noses it against us,

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cas.

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Cas. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these Wars;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we
be there in Person?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we should serve with Horse
and Mares together, the Horse were merely lust; the
Mares would bear a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your Presence needs must puzzle *Antony*.
Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's Time
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids,
Manage this War.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their Tongues rot
That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th' War,
And as the President of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a Man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the Negligent.

Ant. A good Rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of Men
To taunt a Slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage his Battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Caesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these Offers,
Which serve not for his Vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People
Ingross'd by swift Impress. In *Caesar's* Fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of War-mark'd Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises Assurance, and
Give up your self merely to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sails, *Caesar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of Shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th'Heart of *Actium*,
Beat the approaching *Caesar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Business?

Mes. The News is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Caesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in Person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his Power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship:
Away, my *Thetis*.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten Planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds? let th' *Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to Conquer standing on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exe. Ant. Cleo and Enob.*]

Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier thou art: but the whole Action grows
Not in the power on'r: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens Men.

Sold. You keep by Land
The Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?

Ven. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Fustius*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His Power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.

Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Torus*.

Can. Well, I know the Man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*. [*forth*]

Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Cæsar with his Army marching.

Cæs. *Torus*?

Tor. My Lord. [*Battle*]

Cæs. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exit.*]

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæsar's* Battle, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,

54 Antony and Cleopatra.

And so proceed accordingly.

[Exit.]

Canidius *marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and Torus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum.*
Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Thantoniad, the *Ægyptian* Admiral,
With all their fixty fly, and turn the Rudder:
To see't, mine Eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddesses, all the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy Passion?

Scar. The greater Cattle of the World is lost
With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom Leprosy o'er,) i'th' very midst o'th' fight,
When Vantage like a pair of Twins appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder;
The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sails, and flies:

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine Eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost;
The noble ruin of her Magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard,
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Manhood, Honour ne'er before,
Dis violate to it self:

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno

Antony and Cleopatra. 55

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Caesar* will I render

My Legions and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my Reason
Sits in the Wind against me.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so hated in the World, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Caesar*.

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed Cowards
To run, and shew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it — Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very Hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends, be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my Despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the Sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that Ship and Treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now —
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh *Funo!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of War; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen ———

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the [Queen approaches,
Her Head's declin'd, and Death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving ———

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? see
How I convey my shame, out of thine Eyes,
By looking back, on what I have left behind
Stray'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails; I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My Heart was to thy Rudder ty'd by th' string.
And thou should'st tow me after. O'er my Spi it
The full Supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young Man send humble treaties; dodge

And

And palter in the shift of lowness, who
With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a Tear, I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a Kiss,
Even this repays.
We sent our Schoolmaster, is he come back?
Love I am full of Lead; some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers Blows. [*Exe.*]

SCENE VII. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his Schoolmaster,
An Argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine Office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
He lessens his Request, and to thee sues
To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
A private Man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy Greatness;
Submits her to thy Might, and of thee craves,
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Ces. For *Antony*,

I have no Ears to his Request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Ces. Bring him thro' the Bands: [*Exit Ambassador*;
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, [*To Thidias*.
And in our Name, when she requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but Want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd Vestal. Try thy Cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Cesar*, I go.

Ces. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. *Cesar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE VIII. Alexandria.

Enter *Cleopatra*, *Enobarbus*, *Charmian*, and *Iras*.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his Will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled
From that great Face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captainship, at such a point;
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meer question. 'Tis a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee Peace.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his Answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the Boy *Caesar* send this grizled Head,
And he will fill thy Wishes to the brim,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That Head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose
Of Youth upon him; from which, the World should note
Something particular; his Coyn. Ships, Legions,
May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the Service of a Child, as soon
As i'th' Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword.
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*]

Eno. Yes, I like enough: hye-battel'd *Caesar* will
Unstate his Happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Swordsman. I see Mens Judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all Measures, the full *Caesar* will
Answer his Emptiness; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'd
His Judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Caesar*.

Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my Women;
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer;
And earns a place i'th' Story.

Exit

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Caesar's Will.*

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Caesar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Caesar* please, our Master
Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesar's*. [*treats*

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* in-
Not to consider in what Case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Caesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*

Thid. The Scars upon your Honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained Blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows what is most right.
Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask *Antony*.
Sir, Sir, thou art so leaky

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Eno.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Caesar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you would make a Staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*, [*lord.*
And put your self under his Shroud the universal Land.

Cleo. What's your Name?

Thid. My Name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind Messenger;

Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation;
I kiss his conqu'ring Hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying Breath

I hear the doom of *Aegypt*.

Thid.

Thid. 'Tis your noblest Course:

Wisdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No Chance may shake it. Give me Grace to lay
My Duty on your Hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesar's* Father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his Lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd Kisses.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders.

[*Seeing Thidias kiss her Hand,*

What art thou, Fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest Man, and worthiest
To have Command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

[*Devils!*

Ant. Approach there—ah you Kite! Now Gods and
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd ho!
Like Boys unto a Muf, Kings would start forth,
And cry Your Will. Have you no Ears?
I am *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cesar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the Hand of she here, what's her Name
Since she was *Cleopatra*— Whip him, Fellows—
'Till like a Boy you see him cringe his Face,
And whine aloud for Mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark *Antony* —

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cesar's* shall
Bear us an Errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thidias,*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my Pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Gem of Women, to be abus'd

By

By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord ———

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
But when we in our Viciousness grew hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise Gods seal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear Judgments, make us
Adore our Errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our Confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfel, cold upon
Dead *Caesar's* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*, besides what hotter Hours
Unregistred in vulgar Fame you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take Rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My Play-fellow, your Hand; this Kingly Sea,
And pligh'er of high Hearts! — O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Babylon*, to out-roar
The horned Herd, for I have Savage Cause.
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd Neck, which does the Hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whip'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask Favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his Daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Caesar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Hencetorth
The white Hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Caesar*,
Tell him thy Entertainment: look thou say,
He make me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And

Antony and Cleopatra.

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And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:

When my good Stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires,
Into the Abyss of Hell. If he mislike

My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has

Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture;

As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:

Hence with stripes, begone. [Exit *Thid.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,

And it portends alone the Fall of *Antony*:

Cleo. It must stay this time.

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle Eyes

With one that tries his Points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah Dear, if I be so,

From my cold Heart let Heav'n engender Hail,

And poison it in the Source; and the first Stone

Drop in my Neck; as it determines, so

Dismiss my Life; the next *Cesar* smite,

Till by degrees the Memory of my Womb,

Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,

By the discharging of this pelleted storm,

Lie Graveless, 'till the Flies and Gnats of Nile

Have buried them for Prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

'*Cesar* sets down in *Alexandria*, where

I will oppose his Fate. Our Force by Land

Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too

Have knit again, and Floar, threat'ning most Sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my Heart? dost thou hear, Lady?

If from the Field I shall return once more

To kiss these Lips, I will appear in Blood,

I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,

There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breasted,

And fight maliciously: for when mine Hours

Were

Were nice and lucky, Men did ransom Lives
Of me for Jest; but now, I'll set my Teeth,
And send to Darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy Night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to Night I'll force
The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on my Queen,
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his Pestilent Scythe. [Exeunt.

Eno. Now he'll outstare the Lightning; to be furious
Is to be frightened out of Fear, and in that Mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captain's Brain
Restores his Heart; When Valour preys on Reason,
It eats the Swords it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his Army.
Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. **H**E calls me Boy, and chides as he had Power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Personal Com-
Cæsar to *Antony*. Let the old Russian know (bar,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,

When

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When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no Breath, but now
Make boot of his Distraction: Never Anger
Made good Guard for it self.

Cas. Let our best Heads know,
That to Morrow the last of Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony*! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius*.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To Morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Servants, let's to Night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy Hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd Tricks which Sorrow shoots
Out of the Mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Antony*, that I might do you Service,

So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night;
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his Followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to Night;

May be it is the period of your Duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled Shadow. Perchance to Morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good Service, stay 'till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep.
And I, an Ass, am Onion-cy'd; for shame,
Transform us not to Women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where these drops fall; my hearty Friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your Comfort, did desire you
To burn this Night with Torches: know my Hearts,
I hope well of to-Morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown Consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good Night: To Morrow is the Day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the Streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing, what News?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good Night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.*

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2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful Watch.

1 Sold. And you, Good Night, good Night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2 Sold. Here we; and if to Morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of Purpose.

[Musick of the Hautboys is under the Stage.

2 Sold. Peace, what Noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i'th' Air.

3 Sold. Under the Earth.

It sings well, do's it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen
Do hear what we do?

2 Sold. How now, Masters?

[Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, Masters? Do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise to far as we have quarter,
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour, Eyes.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck: Eros, come, mine Armour. Eros,

Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thy Iron on:

If Fortune be not ours to Day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony,

What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my Heart; False, false; This this;

Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
See'st thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy Defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please,
To do'st for our Repose, shall hear a Storm.
Thou fumblest, *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire.
More tight at this; Dispatch. O Love,
That thou could'st see my Wars to Day, and knew'st
The Royal Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good Morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike Charge:
To Business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,

Early thought't be, have on their Riveted trim,
And at the Port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The Morn is fair; good Morrow General.

All. Good Morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.

This Morning like the Spirit of a Youth
That means to be of Note, begins betimes.
So, so; Come give me that, what e'er becomes of me
Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful Check it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: Adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great War in single Fight;
Then *Antony* — but now — Well on. [*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy Day to *Antony*.

Ant.

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Ant. Would thou, and those thy Scars had once pre-
To make me fight at Land. [vail'd

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this Morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy Heels.

Ant. Who's gone this Morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* Camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle Adieus, and Greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more Cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest Men. Dispatch, *Eros*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the Fight:
Our Will is *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Ag. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous Day, the three-nook'd World
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Antony* is come into the Field.

Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his Fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt.

Eno. *Alexas* doth revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade

Great

Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his Master Antony. For this pains
Caesar hath hang'd him: Canidius and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable Trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus.*

I tell you true: Best you see safe the Bringer
Out of the Host: I must attend mine Office,
Or would have don't my self. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*.

[*Exit*]

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feel I am so most. Oh Antony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better Service, when my Turpitude
Thou dost so crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;
In swift Thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel;
I fight against thee! — No, I will go seek
Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
My latter part of Life.

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV. Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Ag. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Caesar himself has Work, and our Oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With Clouts abouts about their Head.

Ant.

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Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a Wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our Advantage serves
For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us score their Backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly Comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good Valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarum. *Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with
others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before;
And let the Queen know of our Guests; to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the Blood
That has to day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been
Each Man's like mine; you have shewn all *Hectors*.

Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your Feats, whilst they with joyful Tears
Wash the congealment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. *[To Scarus.]*

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her Thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all,
Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there
Ride on the Pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The World's great Snare uncaught?

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
 A Brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can [ha've
 Get gole for gole of Youth. Behold this Man,
 Commend unto his Lips thy savouring Hand,
 Kifs it my Warrior: He hath fought to Day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankind had
 Destroyed in such a Shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friendly,
 An Armour all of Gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it; were in Carbunkled.
 Like holy *Phœbus* Car. Give me thy Hand,
 Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
 Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them:
 Had our great Palace the capacity
 To camp this Hoast, we all would sup together;
 And drink Carowfes to the next Day's Fate
 Which promises Royal Beril. Trumpeters
 With brazen din blast you the Cities ear,
 Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines, [gether,
 That Heav'n and Earth may strike their sounds to-
 Applauding our Approach. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this Hour,
 We must return to th' Court of Guard; the Night
 In shiny, and they say, we shall embattel
 By th' second Hour i'th' Morn.

1 Watch. This last Day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witness, Night.

2 Watch. What Man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed Moon,
 When Men revolted shall upon Record
 Bear hateful Memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy Face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus?*

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno.

Eno. Oh Sovereign Mistress of true Melancholy,
The poisonous Damp of Night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart
Against the flint and hardness of my Fault,
Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,
And finish all foul Thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my Revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own Particular,
But let the World rank me in Register
A Master-leaver, and a Fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* Oh *Antony!* [Dies.

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Caesar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The Hand of Death hath caught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard; he is of note,
Our Hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their Preparation is to-day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or in the Air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the Hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven, further on,
Where their Appointment we may best discover,
And look on their Endeavour.

[Exeunt.

D

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I take't we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best Advantage.

[*Exeunt.*][*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.*]*Enter Antony and Scarus.**Ant.* Yet they are not join'd:

Where yond Pine stands, I shall discover all.

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built

In *Cleopatra's* Sails their Nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their Knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts,
His fretted Fortunes give him Hope and Fear
Of what he has, and has not.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII. Alexandria.

*Enter Antony.**Ant.* All is lost!

This foul *Egyptian* hath betray'd me!
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and carouse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my Heart
Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy uprise I shall see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake Hands—All come to this!—The Hearts
That pannell'd me at Heels, to whom I gave
Their Wishes, do discandy, melt their Sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soul of *Egypt*! this grave Charm,
Whose Eye beck'd forth my Wars, and call'd them home:
Whose Bosom was my Crownnet, my chief End,

Like

Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me, to the very Heart of loss.
 What *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant!

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving.
 And blemish *Cæsar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot
 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster like be shewn
 For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy Visage up
 With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[Exit Cleopatra]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my Fury, for one Death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
 The Shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage:
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the Horns o'th' Moon,
 And with those Hands that glapt the heaviest Club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his Plot: She dies for't. *Eros*, ho! *[Exit.]*

Enter Cleopatra, Chairman, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad
 Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Thessaly*
 Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
 And send him Word you're dead:
 The Soul and Body rive not more in parting,
 Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
 And word it, prithee, pitiously. Hence, *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my Death to th' Monument.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE VIII. Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a Cloud that's Dragonish,
A Vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lion,
A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,
And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou hast seen these Signs,
They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a Thought
The Rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
As Water is in Water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even such a Body; here I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible Shape, my Knave.
I made these Wars for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
Whose Heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A million more, now lost; she, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cæsar*, and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's Triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves. Oh the vile Lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Mistress lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, Peace, she hath betray'd
And she shall die the Death. (me,

Mar. Death of one Person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy Hand; the last she spake
Was *Antony*? most noble *Antony*!

Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The Name of *Antony*; It was divided

Between

Between her Heart and Lips; she rendred Life
Thy Name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long Day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy Labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off
[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold Shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent, [*Unarming*
Crack thy frail Case. Apace, *Eros*, apace, *himself*
No more a Soldier——bruised pieces go,
You have been nobly born; from me a while. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture; since the Torch is our,
Lie down and stay no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then and all is done.

Eros!——I come, my Queen——*Eros!* Stay for me,
Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze;
Dido and her *Aeneas* shall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my Baseness. I, that with my Sword
Quarter'd the World, and o'er green *Neptune's* Back
With Ships, made Cities, condemn myself, to lack
The Courage of a Woman; less noble-minded
Than she which, by her Death, our *Caesar* tells,
I am Conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable Prosecution of Disgrace
And Horrour, that on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'till *Caesar* thou defeat'st.
Put colour in my Cheek.

Eros.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
Though Enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Arms, bending down
His corrigible Neck, his Face subdu'd
To penetrative Shame: whilst the wheel'd feat
Of fortunate *Cesar* drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a Wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble Countenance,
Wherein the Worship of the whole World lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, Man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why there then—— [Eros kills himself.
Thus I do escape the Sorrow of *Antony's* Death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself,
Thou teachest me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave Instruction got upon me
A nobleness in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my Death, and run into't
As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and *Eros*
Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus [Falling on his Sword.
I

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead? —
The Guard — how! — oh dispatch me.

Enter Decretas and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my Work ill, Friends:

O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The Star is falln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead:

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dec. Thy Death and Fortunes bid thy Followers fly.

This Sword but shewn to *Cæsar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Dec. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, Man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy Sword; and
give me

Sufficing Strokes for Death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,

My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophesying Fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your Rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the Truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I prithee.

Dio. What hoa! the Emperor's Guard.

The Guard, what hoa! Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides;
'Tis the last Service that I shall command you.

80 Antony and Cleopatra.

Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to
All your true Followers out. (wear

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing Antony.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible Events are welcome,
But Comforts we despise; our size of Sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? Is he dead?

Dio. His Death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, born by the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying Shore o'th' World. O *Antony! Antony! Antony!*
Help *Charmian*, help *Iras*, help; help, Friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cesar's* Valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis so.

Ant.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only
I here importune Death a while, until
Of many thousand Kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest Eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we must draw thee up—
Assist, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed; how heavy weighs my
Our Strength is all gone into heaviness, [Lord!
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* Power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Die when thou hast liv'd,
Quickened with kissing; had my Lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false Hufwife, Fortune, break her Wheel,
Provok'd by my Offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.
Of *Cæsar* seek your Honour, with your Safety—Oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my Hands, I'll trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my End,
Lament nor sorrow at: But please your Thoughts

In feeding them with those my former Fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' World,
The noblest once; and now not basely die,
Nor cowardly, put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going
I can no more—— [Antony dies.

Cleo Noblest of Men——woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull World, which in thy Absence is
No better than a Styè? O see, my Women!
The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt——My Lord!——
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War,
The Soldiers Pole is fall'n: Young Boys and Girls
Are level now with Men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visting Moon. [She faints.

Char. Oh quietness, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded
By such poor Passion, as the Maid that milks,
And does the meanest Chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at th'injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is sottish, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it Sin,
To rush into the secret House of Death,
Ere Death dare come to us? How do ye, Women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian*?
My noble Girls?——Ah, Women, Women! Look,
Our Lamp is spent, it's out——Good Sirs, take Heart,
We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* Fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.

Ah,

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

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Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend,
But Resolution, and the briefest End.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's Body.*]

S C E N E VII. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.

Cæs. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæs. I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Dec. I am called *Decretas*.

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my Master, and I wore my Life
To spend upon his Haters. If thou please
To take me to thee; as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my Life.

Cæs. What is't thou sayest?

Dec. I say, Oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater Crack. The round World
Should have shook Lions into civil Streets,
And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Antony*
Is not a single Doom, in the Name lay
A moiety of the World.

Dec. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick Minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his Honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it
Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his Wound of it: Behold it stain'd
With his most noble Blood.

Cæs. Look you, sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding
To wash the Eyes of Kings.

Dol.

Dol. And strange it is,
The Nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted Deeds.

Men. His Taints and Honours weigh'd equal in him.

Dol. A rarer Spirit never
Did steer Humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some Faults to make us Men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cas. O Antony!

I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining Day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together,
In the whole World. But yet let me lament
With Tears as sovereign as the Blood of Hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all Design, my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the Front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcilable, should divide our Equalness to this.
Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season——
The Business of this Man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Egypt. A poor *Egyptian* yet; the Queen my Mistress
Confin'd in all she has, her Monument,
Of thy Intents, desires Instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good Heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot live to be ungentle.

Egypt. The Gods preserve thee.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Come hither, *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no Shame: give her what Comforts
The Quality of her Passion shall require;
Left in her greatness, by some mortal Stroke

She

She do defeat us: For her Life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall.

[*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cas. Gallus, go you along; where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?

All. Dolabella.

Cas. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: He shall in time be ready,
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this War,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus.

Cleo. My Desolation does begin to make
A better Life, 'tis paltry to be *Caesar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's Knave,
A Minister of her Will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other Deeds,
Which shackles Accidents, and bolts up Change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dung,
The Beggar's Nurse, and *Caesar's*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair Demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy Name?

Pro. My Name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,

He

He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're sailn into a princely Hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortune's Vassal, and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady,
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her 'till *Casár* come.

Iras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good Hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languish?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Master's Bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: Let the World see
His Nobleness well acted, which your Death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no Meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle Talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal House I'll ruin,
Do *Casár* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinnion'd at your Master's Court,
Not once to be chastis'd with the sober Eye

Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting Varlorty
Of censuring *Rome*? rather a Ditch in *Aegypt*,
But gentle Grave unto me: rather on *Nilus'* Mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the Water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You do extend
These Thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done, my Master *Cesar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cesar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him. [*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony*;
Oh such another Sleep, that I might see
But such another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their Course, and lighted
The little o'th' Earth.

Dol. Most Sovereign Creature——

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Crested the World: his Voice was propertyed
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling Thunder. For his Bounty,

There

There was no Winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his Delights
Were Dolphin like, they shew'd his Back above
The Elements they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crows and Crownets: Realms and Islands
As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a Man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vye strange Forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your Loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits
My very Heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius and Attendants.

All. Make way there——*Cæsar.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel?

I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard Thoughts,
The Record of what Injuries you did us,
Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot project mine own Cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like Frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cas. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our Intent,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antony's Course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good Purposes, and put your Children
To that Destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me of all, *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possess'd of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my Lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisdom in the Deed.

Cleo. See *Cesar*! Oh behold,
How Pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more Trust
Than Love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-less Villain, Dog,
O rarely base!

Cas.

Cas. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding Shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own Servant should
Parcel the sum of my Disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say, good *Cesar*,
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment Toys, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and say
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their Mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it smites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Prithee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my Spirits
Through th' ashes of my Chance: Wert thou a Man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others Merits, in our Names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cas. *Cleopatra*,

Nor what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th Roll of Conquest still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cesar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your Thoughts your Prisons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: Feed, and sleep.
Our Care and Pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cas. Not so, Adieu. [*Exeunt Cesar and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright Day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste,

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my Love makes Religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Caesar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three Days,
You with your Children will be sent before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your Pleasure and my Promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your Debtor.

Dol. I your Servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Caesar*. [Exit.]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st
Thou, an *Egyptian* Puppet, shalt be shewn [thou?
In *Rome* as well as I; Mechanick Slaves
With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick Breaths,
Rank of gross Diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their Vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy Lister
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a Tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* Revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking *Cleopatra* Boy my Greatness
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for am sure my Nails
Are stronger than mine Eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their Preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd Intents. Now *Charmian*,

Enter

Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen : Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go,
Now noble *Charmian* we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Dooms-day : bring our Crown, and all.

[A noise within]

Wherefore this Noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness Presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Instrument

[Exit Guardsman.]

May do a noble Deed? He brings me Liberty.
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me; now from Head to Foot
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a Basket.

Guard. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him.

[Exit Guardsman.]

Hast thou the pretty Worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
Party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal : those that do die of it, do seldom or ne-
ver recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than Yesterday, a very honest Wo-
man, but something given to lie, as a Woman should not
do, but in the way of Honesty. How she dy'd of the bi-
ting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very
good report o'th Worm : but he that will believe all that
they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but
this is most fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the Worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise People, for indeed there is no goodness in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the Devil himself will not eat a Woman: I know, that a Woman is a Dish for the Gods, if the Devil dress her not. But truly, these same whore-son Devils do the Gods great harm in their Women; for in every ten that they make, the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' Worm. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of *Ægypt's* Grape shall moist his Lip. Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick—methinks I hear *Antony* call, I see him rowse himself To praise my noble A&T. I hear him mock The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give Men To excuse their After-Wrath. Husband, I come; Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title. I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements I give to baser Life. So—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips. Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

[*Applying the Asp.*]

Have I the Aspick in my Lips? Dost fall?
If thou and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of Death is as a Lover's Pinch;
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanquishest, thou tell'st the World
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base—
If she approves the curled *Antony*,

He'll

He'll make demand of her, and spend that Kiss
Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal Wretch
With thy sharp Teeth this Knot intrinsecate
Of Life at once untie : Poor venomous Fool,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* As, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern Star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my Baby at my Breast,
That sucks the Nurse asleep ?

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Air, as gentle.

O *Antony* ! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay ———

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild World ? so fare thee well :
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Last unparallel'd. Downy Windows close,
And Golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of Eyes again so Royal : Your Crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play ———

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent ———

[*Charmian and Iras apply the Asp.*

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach ho !

All's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*, call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here *Charmian* ? Is this well done ?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many Royal Kings.

Ah Soldiers ! ———

[*Charmian and Iras die.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy Thoughts

Touch their Effects in this ; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Cæsar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.

She levell'd at our Purposes, and being Royal
Took her own way; the Manner of their Deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Gent. Oh Cæsar!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistress tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble Weakness!
If they had swallow'd Poison, 'twould appear,
By external Swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong Toil of Grace.

Dol. Here on her Breast
There is a vent of Blood, and something blown,
The like is on her Arm.

1 Guard. This is an Aspick's Trail.
And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspick leaves upon the Caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her Bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No Grave upon the Earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High Events as these
Strike those that make them; and their Story is
No less in Pity, than his Glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this Funeral,
And then to Rome: Come, *Dolabella*, see
High Order in this great Solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

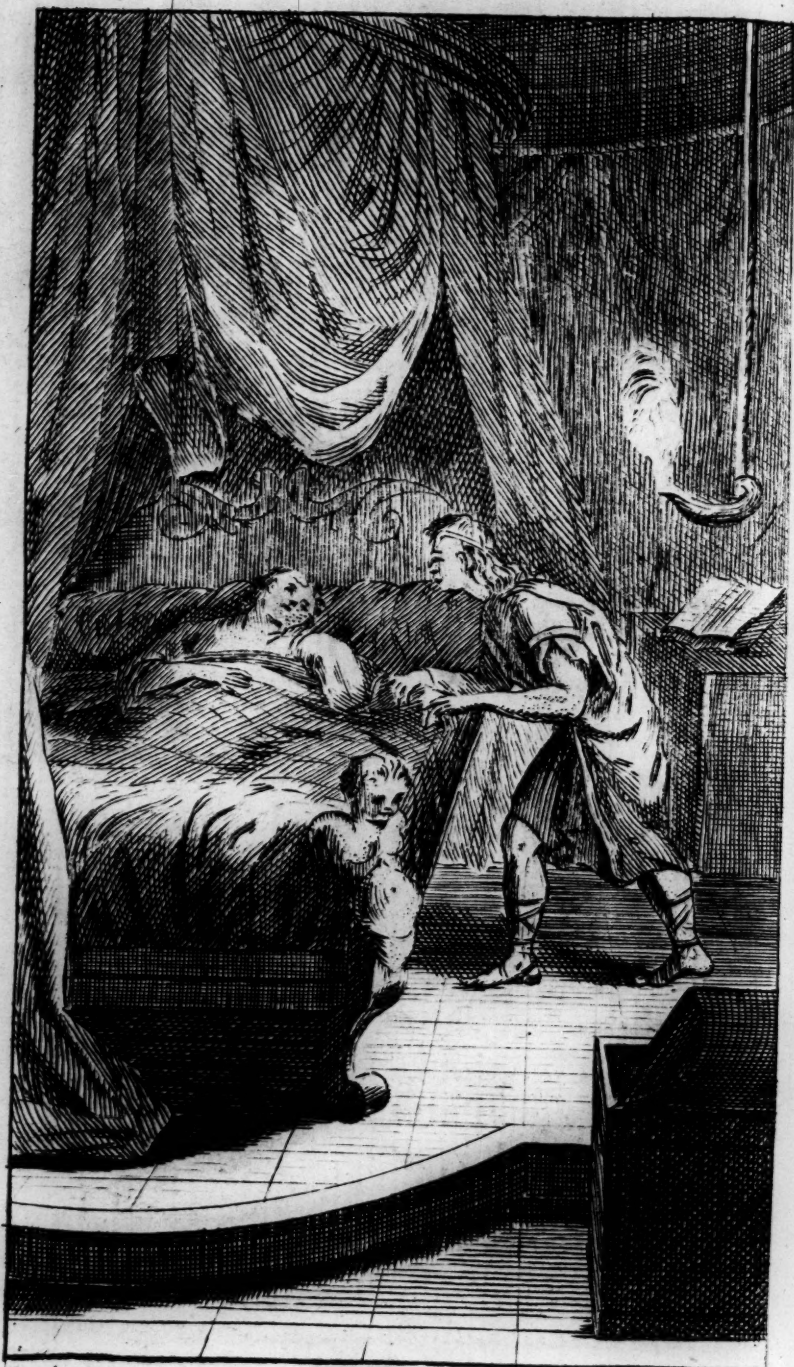
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W. CHETWOOD,
*Prompter to his Majesty's
Company of Comedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*







Lud. Du Guernier inv.

v. 8. p. 3. . . 18

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr: WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*.

MDCC XXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.

Guiderius, } Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore
Arviragus, } and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.
Bellarius, a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.

Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts,
a Sooth-sayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

SCENE, for some Part of the first,
second, and third Acts, lies in Rome;
for the rest of the Play in Britain.

C Y M-



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a Man but frowns.
Our Bloods

No more obey the Heav'ns than our
Courtiers ;

But seem, as do's the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

1 Gent. His Daughter, and the Heir
of's Kingdom (whom

He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd ; she imprison'd, all
Is outward Sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 Gent. None but the King ?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too ; so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's Looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so ?

A 2

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad Report: And he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good Man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his Honour
Against the Romans, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success;
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, besides this Gentleman in question,
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father,
Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe
To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his Time
Could make him the Receiver of, which he took
As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature,
A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own Price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him. And his Virtue
By her Election may be truly read,
What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.

But

But pray you tell me, is the sole Child to th' King?

1 *Gent.* His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stol'n, and to this Hour, no guess in Knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
So slackly Guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them —

1 *Gent.* Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find my Daughter,
After the Sander of most Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the Peril:

I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy Duty) what
His Rage can do on me. You must be gone
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry Eyes: Not comforted to live,

But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth;
My Residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen;
And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure --- yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong;
But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to Air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love;
This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another! I am not
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my Embracements from a next
With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*
While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love; I'll place it

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight
If after this Command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my Blood.

Post. The Gods protect you.
And bless the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in Death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that away past Grace:

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Son of my Queen!

Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made
A Seat for Baseness. [my Throne]

Imo. No, I rather added
A Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir, it is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:

You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me.

Almost the Sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n Restore me: would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing,
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace, Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Com-
Out of your best Advice. [fort

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly. [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What News?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I trust, is done:

Pis. There might have been,
But that my Master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile: O brave Sir,
I would they were in Africk both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The Goer back. Why came you from your Master?

Pis. On his command, he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Left these Notes
Of what Commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half Hour hence, pray you speak
with me;
You shall at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [Exeunt.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the
Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice:
Where Air comes out, Air comes in. There's none
abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it
Have

Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No faith: Not so much as his Patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? His Body's a passable Carkass, if he be not hurt. It is thorough-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many Inches as you have Oceans, Puppies!

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she's damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber; would there had been some hurt done.

2 Lord. I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven,
And questioned'st every Sail; If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd Mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long

And as he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and firs of's Mind
Could best express how flow his Soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to Air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisano*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth Hour of Morn; at Noon, at Midnight,
T' encounter me with Oraisons, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting Kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French-Man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*, he was
then of a Crescent, none expected to prove so worthy,
as since he hath been allowed the Name of. But I could
then

then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his Endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*!

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her Value, than his own words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his Banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the Approbation of those, that weep this lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which else an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps Acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my Life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his Quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debter to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon Importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveler, rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every Action to be guided by other experiences; but upon my mended Judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have

have confounded one she other, nor have falsen her.
Jach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?
Post. Safely, I think, 'twas a Contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the Report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last Night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country Mistresses. This Gentleman that had time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and less amenable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Jach. That Lady is not now living; for this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Jach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Jach. As fair, and as good, a kind of Hand in Hand Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in Britany; if she went before others, I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, glory you the Lady.

Post. I praise'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Jach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the Word enjoys.

Jach. Either your paragon'd Mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a Frisbe.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Jach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Jach. You may wear her in Title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoln too; so your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, your term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five time so much Conversation, I should get Ground of your fair Mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and Opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a Punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's, on th' Approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the Opportunity of a second Conference, and I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wiser, if you buy Ladies Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve

serve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this Match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our Debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and th' Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, Ay; here they are, Ma-
But I beseech your Grace, without Offence [dam;
My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing Death;
But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
Thy Pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woe me oft
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet
That I did amplify my Judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the Forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human;
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Ail, and by them gather
Their several Virtues, and Effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart;
Besides, the seeing these Effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him [Aside
Will I first work; he's for his Master,
An Enemy to my Son. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [Aside
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a Word. [To *Pisanio*,

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering Poisons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not trust one of her Malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the Sense a while,
Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what shew of Death it makes, More

More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false Effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my Leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say it thou? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench; and let Instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master; greater, for
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his Being,
Is to exchange one Misery with another,
And every Day that comes, comes to decay
A Day's Work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[*Pisano looking on the Viol.*

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
The Case stands with her; do't as from thy self:
Think what a Chance thou chancest on; but think
Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son,
Who shall take Notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any Shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
That set thee on to this Desert, am bound
To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women. [*Exit Pisa.*
Think on my Words—A fly, and constant Knave,
Not to be shak'd, the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The Hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,

Which

Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leiders for her Sweet: and which she after,
Except she bend her Humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so, well done, well done;
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-roses,
Bear to my Clotet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*;
Think on my Woods. [*Exit Queen and Ladies.*]

Pisa. And shall do.

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myself; these shall I do for you. [*Exit.*]

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepmother false,
A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd—O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—had I been Thiefstolen,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills,
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? *Fie!*

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?

The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her that is out of Door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian Bird; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;
Arm me, Audacity, from Head to Foot;
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest Nore, to whose Kindnesses I
am most infinitely eyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your Trust.

So far I read aloud.

But

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady;
What, are Men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your Admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' Eye, for Apes and Monkeys;
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' Judgment;
For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definite. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttery to such neat Excellence oppos'd,
Should make Desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the Matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage —

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish. [To Pisanio.]

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. continues well my Lord
His Health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to Mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a Stranger there;
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd
The Britain Reveller.

Imo. When he was here

He did incline to Sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh!--
Can my Sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By History, Report, or his own Proof
What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free Hours languish,
For assur'd Bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so? [ter.

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with Laugh-
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heavens know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'n's Bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wrack discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your ——— but
It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you

Since

Since doubting things go ill, oftentimes hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; For Certainities
Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What bane you pour and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bathe my Lips upon; this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To the Oath of Loyalty; this Object which
Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then, W
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol? join Gripses with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Base and unlustrious as the Smoky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should dance one time
Encounter such Revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself, and I
Inclined to this Intelligence pronounced
The Beggary of his Change; but his your States
That from my mute'st Conscience, to my Tongue,
Charms this Report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest Soul! your Cause doth strike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an Empery;
Would make the great'st King double; to be partner'd
With Tomboys, and with that self Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield; with diseas'd Ventrers
To play with all Infirmities for Gold, yea I say
Which rottenness can lend Nature! Such boy's stuff
As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Storking.

Imo. Reveng'd?
How should I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have such a Heart, that both mine Bars
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,

How

How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me
Live like *Dianna's* Priest, bewixt cold Sheets,
While he is Vauking variable Ramps
In your Despight, upon your Purse; revenge it.
I dedicate my self to your sweet Pleasures,
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldest have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as stranger
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Reports, as thou from Honour; and
Solicit here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio*!
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault; if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to Expound
His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say
The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy Trust, and thy most perfect Goodness.
Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a dply, Witch
That he enchants Societies into him;
Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst Men, like a descended God;
He hath a kind of Honour sets him off;

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my Power i'th' Court for
yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small Request,
And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other Noble Friends
Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine Honour for their Safety; since
My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my Men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this Night;
I must abroad to Morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my Word
By lengthening my Return. From *Gallia*,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever Man had such luck! When
I kiss'd the *Jack* upon an Up-cast, to be
hit away! I had an hundred Pound on't; and then a
whorson Jack-an-Apes must take me up for Swearing,
as if I had borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might
not spend them at my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
Pate with your Bowl.

2 Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it; it
would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any Standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: Nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him Satisfaction? Would
he had been one of my Rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,—a
Pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am; they
dare not Fight with me, because of the Queen my Mo-
ther; every Jack-slave hath his Belly full of Fighting,
and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body
can match.

2 Lord. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you
crow Cock, with your Comb. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake
every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No: I know that: But it is fit I should com-
mit Offence to my Inferiors.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. *My, it is fit for your Lordship only.*

Clot. *Why so I say.*

1 Lord. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't? [not.]

2 Lord. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* A banish'd Rascal, and he's another, wherefoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to Day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Clot.]

That such a crafty Devil as his Mother, Should yield the World this Ass; A Woman, that Bears all down with her Brain; and this her Son, Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart; And leave Eighteen. Alas, poor Prince,

Thou divine *Imogen*; what thou endurest, Bewixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,

A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer, More hateful than the foul Expulsion is

Of thy dear Husband, than this horrid Act Of the divorce; he'll make the Heavens hold firm

The Walls of thy dear Honour; keeps unshak'd That Temple thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand

To enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [Exit.]

S C E N E II. *A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam.

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imo.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left, to Bed ———
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' Clock,
I pry'these call me --- Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your Protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Nighr,
Guard me, beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense
Repairs it self by Rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss — Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't — 'Tis her Breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: The Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, white and Azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'n's own tinct — but my Design's
To Note the Chamber — I will write all down
Such, and such Pictures — there the Window, — such
Th' Adornment of her Bed — the Arras, Figures —
Why such, and such — and the Contents o'th' Story ---
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off. ———

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
A Mole Cinque-spotted — Like the Crimson Drops
I'th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en

The Treasure of her Honour. No more — to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
 The Tale of *Tereus*, here the Leat's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough,
 To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
 May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [*Clock strikes:*
 One, two, three: Time, time.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*]

SCENE III. The Palace.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in
 loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble
 Temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and fu-
 rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have Gold enough:
 It's almost Morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advis'd to
 give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your
 Fingering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none
 will do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er.
 First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a
 wonderful sweet Air, with admirable rich Words to
 it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His Steeds to Water at those Springs

On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes

With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So,

So, get you gone -- if this penetrate, I will confider your Musick the better: If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-Hairs, and Cats-Guts, nor the Voice of unpay'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the Reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the Print of his Remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no Vantages, that may Prefer you to his Daughter: Frame your self To orderly Solicits, and befriended With aptness of the Season; make Denials Encrease your Services; so seem, as if You are inspir'd to do those Duties which You tender to her: That you in all obey her, Save when Command to your Dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no Fault of his: We must receive him According to the Honour of his Sender, And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on We must extend our Notice: Our dear Son, When you have given good Morning to your Mistress, Attend the Queen; and us, we shall have need

T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen,
[*Exeunt.*]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho!
I know her Women are about her ——— what
If I do line one of their Hands ——— 'Tis Gold
Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to th' stand o'th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
Which makes the True man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief, and True-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the Case my self.
By your leave. [Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good Morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand.

Imo. Good Morrow, Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchasing but Trouble: the Thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your Recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no Answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith
I shall unfold equal Discourtesy

To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clor. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clor. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.

That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,

You put me to forget a Lady's Manners

By being so verbal: And learn now for all,

That I which know my Heart, do here pronounce

By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so near the lack of Charity

To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clor. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your Father; for

The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,

One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,

With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none;

And though it be allow'd in meaner Parties,

Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls

On whom there is no more dependency

But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,

Yet you are cu'b'd from that Enlargement by

The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not soil

The precious Note of it, with a base Slave,

A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,

A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more

But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,

Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made

Comparative for your Virtues, to be stil'd

The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated

For being prefer'd so well.

Clor. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my Woman, bye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am frighted with a Fool,
Frighted, and angered worse.— Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this Morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest Garment?

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir.

If you will make't an Action, call Witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir.

To th' worst of Discontent. *[Exit.]*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest Garment?— Well. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winter's state, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd Hopes

I barely gratify your Love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor.

Phil. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's Commission thoroughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none; nor like to be;
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have Tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the World.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. We'come, Sir.

Post. I hope the Briefness of your Answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look through a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the Worth of it in Gold;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second-Night of such sweet Shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your Loss, your Sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep Covenant; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber,

Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk and Silver; the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for

Th:

The Press of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was——

Post. This is true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing; never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber
With golden Cherubims is fretted. Her Andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour;
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelets.*]
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See!——
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Fove!*——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty Action did out-sell her Gift,

And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? dath she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye.

Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love,
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;
O, above Measure false! —

Phil. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring;
Render to me some corporal Sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true — say keep the Ring — 'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been coiled by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life

I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn ———

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th' Court before
Her Father ——— I'll do something ——— [Exit]

Phil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart. [Exeunt.]

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some Coiner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
The Nonpareil of this — Oh Vengeance; Vengeance!
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
A Pudency so *Rosie*, the sweet View on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* ———

That I thought her

As Chaste as unshun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!

This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour ——— was't not? ———

Or less; at first? Perchance spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a German one,

Cry'd

Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no Opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
 The Woman's part in me, for there's no Motion
 That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
 It is the Woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 The Woman's; Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges hers;
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
 All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them.
 Detest them, curse them — yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten and Lords at one Door: and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. NOW say, what would *Augustus Caesar* wish us?
Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, whose remembrance yet

Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
 Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
 Famous in *Caesar's* Praises, no whit less
 Than in his Feats deserving it for him
 And his Succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Casars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain's* a World
 By it self, and we will nothing pay

For

For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That Opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again; remember, Sir, my Leige,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptune's* Park ribbed, and paled in
With Oaks unscalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats,
But suck them up to th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Cesar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, came, and saw, and overcame, with shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our Coast, 'twice beaten; and his Shipping,
Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
Like Egg-shells, mov'd upon the Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to master *Cesar's* Sword,
Made *Lud's Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
And *Britains* strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our
Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
said, there is no more such *Cesars*; other of them may
have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a
hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If
Cesar can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put
the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for
Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute; pray you now.

Cym. You must know.
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cesar's* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all Colour here,
Did put the Yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
Our selves to be? we do. Say then to *Cesar*,
Our Anc'tor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cesar*

Hath

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed, [Laws:
Though Rome be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*,
Caesar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.
Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
In *Caesar's* Name pronounce I 'against thee: Look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*,
Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my Youth I spent
Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in Arms: A Precedent
Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
So *Caesar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime
with us a Day, or two, or longer: If you seek us af-
terwards in other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-
water Girdle: If you beat us out of it, it is yours: If
you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the
better for you: And there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcome. [Exit.]

Enter Pisanio reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*!
Oh Master, what a strange Infection
Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false Italian,
As poisonous tongu'd, as harded, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults

As

As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murther her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
Have made to thy Command! — I her! — Her Blood!
If it be so, to do good Service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack Humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't — the Letter*

[Reading:

*That I have sent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
Black as the Ink that's on thee: Senseless Bauble!
Art thou a Forgerie for this act; thou look'st
So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him:
Some Grievs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick Love, of his Content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,
And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* Tables: good News, Gods.

Reading.

*Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in
his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh
the dearest of Creatures, would even renew me with your
Eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Ha-
ven: What your own Love will out of this advise you, fol-
low. So he wishes you all Happiness, that remains Loyal
to his Vow, and your increasing in Love.*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh

Oh for a Horse with Wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
 May plod it in a Week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st,
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind — Oh not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick:
 Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing
 To th' smothering of the Sense — how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*? And by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T'inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return, to excuse----but first, how get hence.
 Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many Score of Miles may we well ride
 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands
 That runs i'th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery.
 Go, bid my Women feign a Sicknes, say
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me present
 A riding Suit: No costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* Housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a Fog in them,
 That I cannot look thorough. Away, I prithee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *A Forest with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such,
 Whose

Whose Roof's as low as ours : See, Boys ! this Gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'n's ; and bows you
To a morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that Giants may get through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
We house i'th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n !

Bel. Now for our Mountain Sport, up to yond Hill,
Your Legs are young : I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes, of the tricks in War,
This Service, is not Service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see :
And often to our Comfort, shall we find
The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
Is nobler than attending for a Check ;
Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble ;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk :
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncross'd ; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak ; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' Nest ; nor know not
What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
If quiet Life is best ; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known : well corresponding
With your stiff Age ; but unto us it is
A Cell of Ignorance ; travelling a-Bed,
A Prison or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The Rain and Wind beat dark December ? How,
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
The freezing Hours away ? we have seen nothing,

We

We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flies, our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?

Did you but know the City's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The Fear's as bad as Falling. The Toil o'th' War,
A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dies i'th' search,
And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
As Record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my Report was, once
First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name
Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
Whose Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night,
A Storm or Robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romans: So
Follow'd my Banishment; and this twenty Years,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest Freedom, pay'd
More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time --- But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no Poison, which attends
In place of greater State:

I'll meet you in the Valleys.

[*Exeunt.*

How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature?

These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,

Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive. [*meanly*

They think they are mine, and tho' train'd up thus

I th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit

The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them

In simple and low things, to Prince it, much

Beyond the Trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom

The King his Father call'd *Guiderius Jove*!

When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell

The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out

Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,

And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then

The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,

Once *Arviragus*, in as like a Figure

Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more

His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd —

Oh *Cymbeline*! Heav'n and my Conscience knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon

At three and two Years old, I stole these Babes,

Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as

Thou rest'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,

Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother,

And every day do Honour to her Grave;

My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,

They take for natural Father. The Game is up. [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

[*Place*

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse the

Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so

To see me first, as I have now — *Pisanio*!

Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh

From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication. Put thy self

Into a 'baviour of less Fear, ere Wildness

Vanquish my steadier Senses. What's the Matter?

Why

Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A Look untender? if't be Summer News,
 Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man; thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Would be even Mòrtal to me.

Pis. Plea'e you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY Mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the Strumpet in
 my Bed: The Testimonies wherof lye bleeding in me.
 I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong
 as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That
 part thou *Pisanio*, must a't for me, if thy Faith be not
 tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take
 away her Life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-
 Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou
 fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
 Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me Disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
 Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander,
 Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
 Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, whose Breath
 Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
 All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
 Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
 This viperous Slander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature,
 To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
 And cry my self awake? that's false to's Bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy Conscience witnesses, *Iachimo*,
 Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency,
 Thou then look'dst like a Villain: Now, methinks,
 Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
 Whose Mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor

Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion,
 And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls,
 I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh,
 Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming
 By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought
 Put on for Villany: not born where't grows,
 But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me —————

Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false *Aneas*,
 Were in his time thought false: And *Synon's* weeping
 Did scandal many a holy Tear; took pity
 From most true Wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
 Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
 Goodly, and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd,
 From thy great fall: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my Obedience. Look,
 I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart,
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief:
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
 The Riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
 Thou shalt not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die,
 And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
 No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter
 There is a Prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak Hand: Come here's my Heart —
 Something's afore't — Soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[Opening her Breast.

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
 The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,

[Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools
 Believe false Teachers; Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor

Stands

Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
 That didst set up my Disobedience 'gainst the King
 My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suits
 Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common Passage, but
 A strain of Rareness: And I grieve my self,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou timest on, how thy Memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch,
 The Lamb intreats the Butcher, Where's the Knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst underrake it? why hast thou abus'd
 So many Miles, with a Pretence? this Place?
 Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses Labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose Return; why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th'elected Deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so had Employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
 Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
 I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater Wound,
 Nor Tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
 But if I were as wise, as honest, then
 My Purpose would prove well; it cannot be,

But

But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed Injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my Life;

I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow;

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my Life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That *Cloten*; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,

Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swan's Nest. Prithee think
There's Livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,

Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point:

You

You must forget to be a Woman, change
 Command in Obedience. Fear and Niceness,
 The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
 Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
 Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
 As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy Touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A Man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doubler, Hat, Hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his Service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
 If that his Head have Ear in Musick, doubtless
 With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prithee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's Courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell.
 Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
 Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
 Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
 Will drive away Distemper. To some Shade,
 And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods

Direct

Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, *Cloten*, *Lucius*, and *Lords*.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Master's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoke; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-King like.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all Joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross'd the *Severn*. Happiness. [*Ex. Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their Wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy Business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our Expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,

Where is our Daughter; She has not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in Sufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir

Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof my Lord, *LaA*
'Tis Time must do. Befeech your Majesty, *LaM yM*
Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady, *moO*
So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes, *on ll W*
And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you, Sir,

Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no Answer
That will be given to the loudest Noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her Infirmary.
She should that Duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in Memory.

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I fear
Prove false. *[Exit]*

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clot. That Man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant
I have not seen these two Days. *[Exit]*

Queen. Go, look after—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*!
He has a Drug of mine; I pray, his Absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her
Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seized her;
Or wing'd with Fervor of her Love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is
To Death, or to Dishonour, and my end

Can

CYMBELINE.

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Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This Night fore-stall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Qu.*]

Clot. I love and hate her; for she's fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Lady's Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all Compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, flanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when Fools—

Enter Pisanio.

Who's here? What, are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this Secret from thy Heart, or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many Weights of Baseness, cannot
A Dram of Worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next Word; no more of worthy Lord.

Speak, or thy Silence on the Instant is
Thy Condemnation and thy Death.

Pis. Then, Sir.

This Paper is the History of my Knowledge
Touching her Flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus's* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. [*Aside.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his Travel, not her Danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service; undergo
those Employments wherein I should have cause to use thee
with a serious Industry, that is, what Villainy soe'er I bid
thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think
thee an honest Man; thou should'st neither want my means
for thy Relief; nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar
Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of Gratitude, but
be a diligent Follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of
thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession?

Pis. I have my Lord, at the Lodging, the same Suit he
wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit
hither? let it be thy first Service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*? I forgot to ask him
one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou Villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were
come. She said upon a time, the Bitterness of it I now
belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of
Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural
Person;

Person; together with the Adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my Back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her Eyes——there shall she see my Valour, which will then be a Torment to her Contempt. He on the Ground, my Speech of Insultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Lust hath dined, which as I say to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a Suit of Cloaths.

Bethose the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my Noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but dutious, and true Preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had Wings to follow it. *Come* and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss, for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You Heav'nly Blessings on her: This Fool's Speed Be crost with Slowness; Labour be his Meed. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one, I have tired my self; and for two Nights together Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick; But that my Resolution helps me: Milford, When from the Mountain Top Pisania shew'd thee, Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, Jove, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two Beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A Punishment, or Trial? Yes, no wonder.

When rich ones scarce tell true, To lapse in Fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for Need; and Falshood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
 Thou art one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My Hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*
 Here is a Path to't—'tis some Savage hold;
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
 Ere it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardiness is Mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing thing that's civil, speak; if Savage,
 Take, or lend—Ho! no Answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But fear my Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns, [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The Sweat of Industry would dry, and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, favourly; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
 Finds the Down Pillow hard. Now Peace be here,
 Poor House, that keeps thy self.

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in— [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
 An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness
 No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
 I have

I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th Floor. Here's Money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board so soon
As I had made my Meal: And parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Money, Youth?

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, If you kill me for my Fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir, I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*! He embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am faln in this Offence.

Bel. Præthee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls; nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Chear
Ere you depart, and Thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth.

I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort

He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a Welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends,

[*Aside*

If Brothers: Would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free't.

Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,

What Pain it cost, what Danger; Gods!

Bel. Hark, Boys.

[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great Men

That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience sealed them; laying by
That Nothing-gift of different Multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so;

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The Night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark less welcom

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ROME.

Enter Lucius, Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common Men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fal'n-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul; And to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?

2. Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1. Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: the Words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their Dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE the Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clor. I Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if *Pisano* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me! Why should his Mistress who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? the rather; saving Reverence of the Word, for 'tis said, a Woman's Fitness comes by Fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is Vain-glory for a Man and his Glass, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general Services, and more remarkable in single Oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despatch. What Mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforce'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very Description of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave. We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man should be, But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity, Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well, But not so Citizen a wanton, as To seem to die, e'er sick: So please you, leave me;

Stick to your Journal course; the breach of Custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be Sin to say so, Sir, I yolk me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door,
And a Demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble Strain!
O Worthiness of Nature, Breed of Greatness!
"Cowards father Cowards, and base things, Sire base:
"Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be
Doth Miracle it self; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth Hour o'th' Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir, [heard!

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what Lies I have
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisanio,*
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [Drinks out of the Viol.

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [Exit.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
This Youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A Smiling with a Sigh: as if the Sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile mocking the Sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Spurs together.

Arv. Grow Patience,
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen; I fear some Ambush——
I saw him not these many Years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one? you, and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [Exit *Belarius* and *Arviragus*.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some Villain-Mountainers——
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering

A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?
Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth? Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No not thy Tailor, Bascal,
Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!
My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The Man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool.
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Here but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. Cloten, thou Villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double Villain, be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further Fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise;
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death:
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,
I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the Gates of Lud's Town set your Heads;
Yield Rustick Mountaineer. [Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,

But

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this Place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to Man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring Terrors; For Defect of Judgment
Is oft the Cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This Cloten was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Money in't; Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect what; cut off one Cloten's Head;
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own Hand he'd take us in,
Displace our Heads, where, Thanks to th' Gods, they grow;
And set them on Lud's Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single Soul.

Can we set Eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but Mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; Not Frenzy,
Not absolute Madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger Head, the which he hearing,

As it is like him, might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either so undertaking,
Or they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance

Come, as the Gods forefay it, howfo'er
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this Day: *The Boy Fidele's Sickness*
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,

Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
That's all I reak. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:
Would, *Polidore*, thou hadst not done't: though Valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this Deed; I would Revenges
That possible Strength might meet, would seek us thro'
And put us to our Answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to Day, nor seek for Danger
Where there's no Profit. I prithee to our Rock,
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him; to gain his Colour
I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* Blood,
And praise my self for Charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,

Their

Their Royal Blood enchain'd, as the rud'st Wind,
 That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
 And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
 That an invifible Infinct should frame them
 To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
 Civility not feen from other; Valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been fow'd: yet ftill 'tis ftrange
 What Cloten's being here to us protends.
 Or what his Death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?

I have fent Cloten's Clot-pole down the Stream,
 In Embaffie to his Mother; his Body's Hoftage
 For his Return.

[Solemn Mufick.]

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
 Hark *Polidore*, it founds: But what occafion
 Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear'ft Mother
 It did not fpeak before. All folemn things
 Should answer folemn Accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
 Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.
 Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes.
 And brings the dire occafion in his Arms,
 Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead
 That we have made fo much on. I had rather
 Have fkipt from fixteen Years of Age, to fixty;
 To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
 Than have feen this.

Guid. Oh sweeteft, faireft Lilly!
 My Brother wears thee not one half fo well,
 As when thou grew'ft thy felf.

Bel. Oh Melancholy,

Who
 8

Who ever yet could found thy bottom? Find
The Occe, to shew what Coast thy sluggish Care
Might easihest harbour in! Thou blessed thing.
Jore knows what Man thou might'st have made: but ah!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy, of Melcanholy,
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

A. v. O' th' Floor:

His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose Rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. why, he but sleeps;

If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidèle*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath; the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill sore shaming
These rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy Coarse——

Guid. Prithee have done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with Admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave,

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Polidore*, though now our Voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the Ground

As

As once to our Mother: use like Note, and Words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests, and Vanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great Griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*,
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Dust, yet Reverence,
The Angel of the World, doth make Distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was princely.
And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither.

Thersites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our Song the whilst: Brother begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we must lay his Head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o'th' Sun,

Nor the furious Winters rages.

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and take thy Wages,

Golden Lads and Girls all must

As Chimney Sweepers come to Dust.

Arv. Fear no more the Frown o'th' Great,

Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,

Care no more to cloath and Eat,

To thee the Reed is as the Oak:

The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,

All follow this and come to Dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning Flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.

Arv.

Guid. *Fear no Slander, Censure rash.*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.*

Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must*

Consign to thee, and come to Dust.

Guid. *No Exorciser harm thee.*

Arv. *Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee.*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,*

And renowned be thy Grave.

Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies:

Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flow'r's, but about Midnight more;

The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o'th' Night

Are strewings fit't for Graves: upon their Faces——

You were as Flow'r's, now wither'd even so

These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.

Come on, away, apart upon our Knees——

The Ground that gave them first, has them again:

Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. [*Exeunt.*

[*Imogen awakes.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——

I thank you---by yond Bush---pray how far thither?——

'Ods pittkins---can it be six Mile yet?——

I have gone all Night---'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.

But soft! no Bedfellow!——Oh Gods, and Goddesfes!

[*Seeing the Body.*

The Flow'r's are like the Pleasures of the World;

This bloody Man the Care on't. I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper.

And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

'Twas but a Bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,

Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith

I tremble still with Fear; but if there be

Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of Pity

As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods! a part of it!

The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless Man!——The Garments of *Posthumus*?

I know

I know the shape of's Leg, this is his Hand,
 His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh,
 The Brawns of *Hercules*: But his Jovial Face——
 Murther in Heav'n!----How!----'tis gone----*Pisanio*!——
 All Curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
 Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
 Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth tracherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged Letters——damn'd *Pisanio*——
 From this most bravest Vessel of the World
 Struck the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
 And left his Head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?——
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th'Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your Will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in Readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next Benefit o'th'Wind.

Luc. This Forwardness

Makes our Hopes fair, Command our present numbers,
 Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth.

Sooth. Last Night the very Gods shew'd me a Vision
(I fast, and prayed for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw *Jove's* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
Unless my Sins abuse my Divination,
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
Without his Top? the Ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy Building. How! a Page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his Bed
With the Defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Interest
In this sad Wrack? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes slain: Alas!
There are no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another Master.

Luc. Lack, good Youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding: Say his Name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp*: If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside*,
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy Name?

Imo. *Ides*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;

Thy

Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith thy Name.
 Wilt take thy change with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No less below'd. The Roman Emperor's Letters
 Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep
 As these poor Pickaxes can dig: And when
 With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha'strew'd his Grave,
 And on it said a Century of Pray'rs,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll Weep, and Sigh,
 And leaving so his Service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good Youth,
 And rather Father thee, than Master thee. My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest Danied-plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Pattizans
 A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is prefer'd
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd.
 As Soldiers can. - Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
 Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [Exit.

S C E N E II. The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
 A Fever with the Absence of her Son;
 A Madnes of which her Life's in danger; Heav'n!
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
 The great Part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen
 Upon a desperate Bed, and in a Time
 When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,
 So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
 The Hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her Departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
 By a sharp Torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
 Hold

Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The Day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All Parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousies
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with large Supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your Preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at Chances here. Away. [Exeunt.]

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often Tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heav'n's still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
Even to the Note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E II. *The Forest.*

Enter *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*.

Guid. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arr.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what Hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their Use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* Death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: And so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose Answer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
In such a Time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army; many Years,
Though *Cloten*, then but young, you see, not wore him
From my Remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who find in my Exile the want of Breeding;
The Certainty of this hard Life, aye hopeless.
To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Then be so,
Better to cease to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army;
I, and my Brother are not known; your self
So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines.
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never

Did

Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
 But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison?
 Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
 A Rider like my self, who ne'er wore Rowel,
 Nor Iron on his Heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy Sun, to have
 The Benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown. ———

Guid. By Heav'n's I'll go;
 If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The Hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No Reason I, since of your Lives you set
 So slight a Valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
 If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
 That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
 Lead, lead; the Time seems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
 'Till it flie out, and shews them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A Field between the British and Roman

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones
 If each of you would take this Course, how many
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*!
 Every good Servant does not all commands ———
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
 You snatch from hence for little Faults; that's love

To

To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the Doers thrust;
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Amongst th'*Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no Wound to thee, therefore, good Heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my Purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit my self
 As does a *Britain* Peasant; so I'll fight
 Against the Part I come with: so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
 Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril,
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
 More Valour in me, than my Habit's Show;
 Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me;
 To shame the Guise o'th'World, I will begin,
 The Fashion less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door;
 and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Post-
 humus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and
 then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom
 Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my Profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
 If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This Lowr, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

*The Battel continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken ;
Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the Ground,
That Lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arr. Stand, stand and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and secunds the Britains. They rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thy self;
For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let's re-inforce or fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Can'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself
Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the Backs of Britains seen; all flying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having Work
More plentiful, than Tools to do'r, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the straight Pass was damm'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the Battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,
An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run
The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter,
With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer

Than

Than those for Preservation cas'd, or Shame,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled,
 Our *Britains* Hearts die flying, not our Men,
 To darkness fleet Souls that fly backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 For three Performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word Stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the place; more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance, gilded pale Looks;
 Part Shame, part Spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward
 But by Example (Oh a Sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the Pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, Confusion thick. Forthwith they lie
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The Life o' th' need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
 O'er-born i' th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal Bugs o' th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;
 A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for Mock'ry? Here is one:

" Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane,
 " Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too.
You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Miserie
To be i'th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To-day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
That draw his Knives i'th' War. Well, I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death,
On either side I come to spend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons were Angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth Man, in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if *Seconds*
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay Hands on him; a Dog,
A Leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to the King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus
to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon
So graze, as you find Pasture. [you;

2 *Goal.* Ay, or a S omach. [Exeunt Goalers.

Post. Most welcome Bondage; for thou art a way,
I think, to Liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' Gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' sure Physician, Death; who is the Key
T'unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my Shanks; and Wrists; you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporal Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my All.
I know you are more clement than vile Men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my Desire,
For *Imogen's* dear Life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life; you coin'd it;
'Tween Man, and Man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's sake,
You rather, mine being yours; and so, great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this Life,
And cancel those old Bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Musick. Enter as in an Apparition. *Sicilius Leonarus,*
Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior,
leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mo-
ther to Posthumus, with Musick before them. Then after
other Musick, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to
Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They
circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Master
Shew thy spite on mortal Flies:

With

With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done aught but well,
Whose Face I never saw?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report,
Thou Orphans Father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,

But took me in my Throes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature, like his Ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair;

That he deserv'd the praise o' th' World,

As great *Scythus*' Heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for Man;

In *Britain* where was he

That could stand up his Parallel,

Or Rival Object be,

In Eye of *Imogen*, that best

Could deem his Dignity?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt

To be exil'd, and thrown

From *Leonesi* Seat, and cast

From her his dearest one:

Sweet Imogen!

Sici. Why did you suffer, *Iachimo*,

Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his noble Heart and Brain

With needless Jealousie,

And to become the geek and scorn

O' th' other's Villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from *Quiller* Seats we came,

Our Parents, and us twain,

That striking in our Country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain,

Our Fealty, and *Tenants*' Right,
With Honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd,

The Graces for his Merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh
And potent Injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,
Take off his Miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,
Or we poor Ghosts will cry
To th' shining Synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy Justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poor Shadows of *Elisium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my Gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent;

Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth; and in

Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [*Jup. drops a*

Our Pleasure, his full Fortune doth confine, [*Tablet.*

And so away: no farther with your din

Ex-

Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine; *Ascends.*
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystalline.

Sici. He came in Thunder, his Celestial Breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy Eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us; his Ascension is
More sweet than our blest Fields; his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal Wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great Behest. *[Vanish.]*

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But, oh, scorn!
Gone—they went from hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On Greatness's Favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve;
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I.
[*Enter Posthumus*]
That have this Golden Chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this Ground? a Book! Oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers: Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers;
As good, as Promise.

Reads.
When as the Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be
lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after
revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunat,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.
'Tis still a Dream; or else such stuff as Mad men's
Tongue, and Brain not: 'Tis either both, or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As Sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for Sympathy. *Enter*

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death~

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the Word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the Dish pays the shor.

Goal. Aheavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much Drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; Purse and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to Bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Goal. Your Death has Eyes in's Head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your Journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man should have the best use of Eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

D 5

Post.

Pos. Thou bring'st good News, I am call'd to be made
Gon. I'll be hang'd then. [free.

Pos. Thou shalt be then freer than a Goaler : no Bolts
 for the Dead. [Exeunt.

Gon. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget
 young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Con-
 science, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be
 a *Roman* : and there be some of them too that die against
 their Wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were
 all of one Mind, and one Mind good ; O there were desola-
 tion of Goalers and Gallowses ; I speak against my present
 Profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pi-
 sapio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made
 Preservers of my Throne : Wo is my Heart,
 That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,
 Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast
 Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found ;
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing :
 Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd nought
 But Beggary and poor Looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
 But no trace of him ?

Cym. To my Grief, I am
 The Heir of his Reward, which I will add
 To you, the Lives, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
 [To *Bell.* *Guid.* and *Arvirag.*
 By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In *Cambrja* are we born, and Gentlemen :
 Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Cym. Bow your Knees,
Arise my Knights o'th Battel, I create you
Companions to our Person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's Business in these Faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like *Romans*;
And not o'th Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King;
To sour your Happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
Would this report become; but I consider,
My Medicine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self
Which, being cruel to the World, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confess,
I will report so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Checks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pristhee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was Wise to your Place,
Abhor'd your Person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in Hand to love
With such Integrity, she did confess,
Was a Scorpion to her sight, whose Life,
But that her sight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by Poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on Life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, killing, to

O'ercome you with her shew; yes, and in time
 When she had fitted you with her Craft, to work
 Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown:
 But failing of her End by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despite
 Of Heav'n, and Men, her purposes: repented
 The Evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
 Mine Ears that heard her Flattery, nor my Heart,
 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her; yet, O my Daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all,
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
 The *Britains* have ras'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
 That their good Souls may be pleas'd, with slaughter
 Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
 So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the Day
 Was yours by Accident: had it gone with us,
 We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
 Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
 May be call'd Ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
 A Roman, with a Roman's Heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar Care. This one thing only
 I will intreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
 A Page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
 So tender over his Occasions, true,
 So feat, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join
 With my Request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
 Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm

Though

Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*: Save him, Sir,
And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His Favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in Hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdains me;
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their Joys,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What would'st thou, Boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st thou him so?

Imo. I tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. What's thy Name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, speak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles that sweet *Rosie* Lad,
Whody'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid.

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. It is my Mistress: [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth: [To Iach.
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the Truth from Falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Poss. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas Leonatus' Jewel, [Thee,
Whom thou didst banish: and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter, [Thee,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [Swoons.

Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy Strength,
I had rather thou shouldest live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more of brave Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour, it was in Rome, occurs'd
The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been prison'd; or at least
Those which I heav'd to head: the good *Fushman*

What

What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill Men were, and was the best of all
 Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
 For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming
 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Athena*,
 Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
 A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
 Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving;
 Fairness, which strikes the Eye—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 Most like a noble Lord, in love, and one
 That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
 He was as calm as Virtue, he began
 His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made;
 And then a Mind put in't, either our Brags
 Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description
 Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins:
 He spake of her, as *Diana* had hot Dreams,
 And she alone were cold; whereat, I Wretch
 Made scruple of his Praise, and wag'd with him
 Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
 In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
 By hers and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
 Of *Phœbus* Wheel, and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
 Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught,
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,

Gan.

'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Most vilely: for my Vantage excellent,
And to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring Notes
Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(O cunning how I got it) nay some Marks
Of secret on her Person, that he could not
But think her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.]
Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife or Poison,
Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th Earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser Villain than my self,
A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her self,
Spit, and throw Stones, cast Mire upon me; set
The Dogs o'th' Street to bait me: every Villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my Life, my Wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part. [Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,
Mine and your Mistress——Oh, my Lord *Posthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the World go round?

Post. How come these Staggers on me?

Pis.

Pis. Wake, my Mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal Joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me Poison: Dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The Tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd; and I
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time
All Offices of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid. This is sure. *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh, my Child?
What, mak'st thou me a Dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo.

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this Youth, I blame you not, You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My Tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me. I'll speak truth. *Lord Cloten*,
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant Death. By accident
I had a feigned Letter of my Master's
Then in my Pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the Mountains near to *Milford*,
Where in a frenzy, in my Master's Garments,
Which he forc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with Oath to violate
My Lady's Honour; what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the Story; I slew him there!

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good Deeds should from my Lips
Pluck a hard sentence: Prithce valiant Youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The Wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so rear to me. I cut off's Head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this Tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord.

Cym.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our Presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is better than the Man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for Bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our Wrath? how of Descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your Danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarius*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor?

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole World shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons;
And let it be confiscate all, to soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy; here's my *Knave*;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father;
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,

They

They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And Blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your Pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment
It self, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My Breeding was, Sir,
As your Highness knows; their Nurse *Enriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the Punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their dear Loss,
The more of you it was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns
Fall on their Heads like Dew; for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:

The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons,

Bel. Be pleas'd a while—

This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger Princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand
Of his Queen-Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
It was a Mark of Wonder.

Bel.

Bel. This is he!
Who hath upon him still that natural Stamp;
It was wise Nature's End, in the Donation,
To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the Birth of three? Ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange Starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by'r. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare Instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce Abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial Branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether those?
And your three Motives to the Battle; with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by Dependances
From Chance to Chance? But not the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye
On him, her Brothers, me, her Master, hitting
Each Object with a Joy: The Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this Ground,
And smoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To *Bel.*

Imo.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious Season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The Thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,

The Soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'Twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:

But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: But your Ring first,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The Power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The Malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law;
Pardon's the Word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Soothsayer: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my Bosom; whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the Construction.

Luc. Philarmontes.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the Meaning.

Reads.

WHEN as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender Air; and when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt
Branches, which being dead many Years, shall after re-
vive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow; then
shall Poithumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lion's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: Which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt Branches point
Thy two Sons forth: Who by *Bellarinus* stol'n,
For many Years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the Roman Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heav'n's in justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy Hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace: The Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the Stroke

Of

Of this yet scarce-cold Battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o' th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle,
Th' Imperial *Cesar*, should again unite
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods:

And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils,
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud's Town* march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratify. Seal it with Feasts.
Set on there: Never was a War did cease
Ere bloody Hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices,
have printed and published several of *Shake-
spear's* Plays; and, to screen their innumerable
Errors, advertise, that they are printed as they are acted;
and industriously report, that the said Plays are printed
from Copies made use of at the Theatres: I therefore
declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is
basely invaded, as well as in defence of my self, that
no Person ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me,
any such Copy or Copies; neither would I be accessary,
on any Account, to the imposing on the Publick such
useless, pirated and maimed Editions, as are published
by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His
Majesty's Company of Comedians at the
Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane.



